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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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WHOLE No. 1590.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

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At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
I hear faint voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine! O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy Spirit
—Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace—
I find myself, by hands familiar, beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many man-
sions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me steal-
ing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of heal-
ing,
The life for which I long.

—J. G. Whittier.

Fanaticism.

"Of course I believe in temperance, but then I am not a fanatic on any subject," said a bright, manly youth in my Bible Class last Sunday. "I always use what little influence I have on the side of temperance," he continued. "I think Ned intended to work for Peter at the brewery this summer, but I talked him out of it; I told him his good wages would be sure to go away in the company he must keep in such a place; and I didn't think helping to run such an institution a thing for a young man to be proud of any way. But I do get tired of fanaticism."

I could scarce repress a smile, for in the respectable, first class hotel, where for many weary months I have tried to feel at home, this same talk came under the head of fanaticism, and was equally banned. Mine host would say, "Let the youngster work where he will get the most money; somebody will make the beer any way, and he doesn't have to do as the others do, unless he wants to. If there is anything I do hate it's fanaticism."

Now the question arises, What is fanaticism, and who are fanatics? Some one being asked to define orthodoxy and heterodoxy, replied: "Orthodoxy is what I believe. Heterodoxy is some other fellow's doxy."

Is it not equally true of fanaticism? Would not most people's ideas of fanaticism, if carefully sifted, result in the discovery that after all it is only some other fellow's ism?

Years ago, Neal Dow was regarded as a fanatic. What did this show? Only that he had been the first to see down into the heart of the whole matter, and that he had the courage to declare what he saw.

There never was a great reformer whom some one did not call a fanatic. There never was a pure, unselfish doctrine promulgated that has not been called fanaticism. Let him who has at any time espoused one of these badly-named causes assert, if he dare, that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

The unthinking multitude flee from the suspicion of fanaticism as from a pestilence; the bigoted and the ignorant persecute those who would serve them if allowed, and the poor, sensitive reformer is goaded almost to desperation.

If there is one weapon more powerful than another in the hands of the wicked or the non-progressive, it is this word, which strikes so harshly on the approbation of the community.

It were well, then, that it meant some certain thing; not to-day, a crowd of crazy enthusiasts waiting to see a dead body rise; and to-morrow, a band of gnarled men and women, "instant in season and out of season" to rescue the perishing.

Until then it should be carefully used, and, as an epithet, need not be greatly feared, for in nineteen cases out of twenty, where you are accused of fanaticism, the accusation will only amount to the statement that you are fully devoted to some cause which is not some one else's cause.

BITTER SWEET.

Opportunities.

In a prayer meeting which we were privileged to attend a short time since, the subject was "Life Experiences." Among the many good things that were said was this, by the pastor: "That trial that is so dark over your path, that thorn that presses so sore, that sorrow that seems so mysterious, did you ever think of these as your opportunities?—Yes, your opportunities to glorify God in the fires?" It was a most suggestive thought. In times of health and prosperity we talk of God's goodness and of

our unfaltering faith, and we often say to others that "He is good"—good when He gives, supremely good; still blessed when He takes. The dark hour comes; now is our opportunity. Can we walk now by faith as well as by sight? Now is the trust and confidence unshaken?

We have all been touched of late, by the distressing, appalling illness by which Senator Hill, of Georgia, went down into the dark valley; and the thought has been almost ready to arise in our hearts: Why did our dear, heavenly Father, who is love itself, permit a good man to go through such a gateway of suffering? But as the story of his suffering was linked with the story of his love, patience and faith in God, has it not been one of the most eloquent object lessons of what the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, nay, what his very presence can do in such a Gethsemane of sorrow? Was it not a living commentary on the words: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to us," and, "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

An opportunity to glorify God by "our little while" of trial and of suffering. And shall we shrink from this? Nay, may we not even welcome—can we say it?—such opportunities.

"Is this His chosen training for some future task unknown? Is it that we may learn to rest upon His word alone,

What e'er it be? Oh, leave us not! Fulfill, Thou, every hour,
The purpose of Thy goodness and the work of faith with power." H.

Glints from Sights in the North. No. II.

BY REV. L. E. DWINELL, D. D.

After a gentle rain of four or five hours, the atmosphere became perfectly crystalline, and we had excellent views of Mt. Rainier, from Seattle on the north, New Tacoma on the west, and Columbia River on the south, and at intermediate points. This mountain springs up apparently out of the plain in a solitary cone. It is said to be 14,444 feet high, some of the 4s, however, exciting the suspicion that they were added by some advocate of easy mnemonics. As you see it from those points which reveal the whole cone, it looks (with its summit for an altitude of 7,000 feet covered with perpetual snow, and its base with a rich belt of evergreens) like a vast umbrella of white satin, with a deep border of green, held up by some mountain Cyclops against the sky. But warmer communion with it rejects such cold comparisons, and Rainier begins to become personal to your imagination and heart. It soon becomes one of the mighty geni of earth. It wears on its brow a crown of eternal snow, which retains its calm, unblemished whiteness alike during the fervid heats of summer and the dark days of winter—a perpetual witness that nearness to heaven clothes in purity.

O thou everlasting preacher of purity, proclaim thy message of the necessity of righteousness in order to approach heaven; to dark-robed man; call him in to thy presence from his cares, ambitions, lusts, and let him hear thy voice, put aside his rage and defiance, clothe himself in white robes, and walk with thee with God. O thou, who art never defiled with spot or stain, teach thy more inconstant brother not so soon to weary of their efforts to be pure, but to go on, ceaselessly adding virtue to virtue, goodness to goodness, till the whole life shines with the light of God. And do thou, who drawest thy robe of white down into every valley and abyss, and stretchest, without rending it, over every cliff and crag, stimulate by thy example the other children of God not to be weary in well doing till they have wrapped the robe of righteousness not only around the humble and obscure and wretched, but around the great and proud, around government and law and custom and social life.

As we neared Portland we plunged into a great and dismal contrast—the deep, dense, suffocating smoke concealing all around, and awakening our undefined dread. A wooded country, which the occupants are eager to clear off, and seize every opportunity of dry weather to use fire to assist them, is sure to have forest fires, which often get beyond control and burn up immense quantities of valuable timber. This has often been the case in Oregon; yet the people do not learn caution, and this year the fires are raging with great severity about Portland.

But the city we found intact, thriving, spreading, full of business stir. A drive about it, and upon Marquam Hill overlooking it, revealed urban prosperity and confidence, bustling activity, and many fine residences. These have ample grounds, lawns, shade and fruit trees; but the eye accustomed to the sights in the cities and towns in the valleys of California, notes a scarcity of flowers. The view from Marquam Hill, with the diverging streets, the beautiful homes on the upland in the back part of the city, sloping down and melting into the dense and stirring business portion in front, and the clear and graceful Willamette flowing

between it, and the active town of East Portland springing up on the other side, all lying beneath, is charming, and perhaps none the less so that a thin haze of smoke, while shutting out the sight of distant objects, gave a soft and ideal hue to this whole scene.

On the Columbia below Portland, I saw a novel and successful mode of removing a sandbar. A propeller of powerful capacity was heavily weighted in the stern so as to sink the wheel near the bar; a strong anchor was thrown out, and a smaller steamer cabled also to the stern to pull backward, and at the same time slowly sideways; then the steam was put on, and the motion of the wheel stirred up the sand, and the current carried it away. In this manner the bar was said to be dredged out with remarkable facility for a width of 100 feet. If this method, of removing sand-bars should prove successful on further trial, it will be useful in dredging our Sacramento river; for certainly the bars made by the deposits of the mining debris are not so hard as the sand-bars of the Columbia.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 13, 1882.

DEAR PACIFIC: I greet you from the Pennsylvania capital city of these "eastern highlands" of our country, a railroad town of 25,000 busy inhabitants. It is a matter of surprise to note the steady development of the interior of this great commonwealth for the last thirty years. Where wilds and solitudes of the mountains existed before the war, are now large and thriving communities of prosperous people. This place is a great entrepot of the Pennsylvania railroad. Here they build and repair their cars and locomotives, and supervise all the multifarious interests of their great railroad. Lateral lines reach farming, mining and lumbering interests in the depths, penetrating regions on either side of the central line. Where vast forests of pine and hemlock stood in 1860, there are now farms, villages, schools and churches. The busy miner, too, has explored the underlying strata, and found a wealth of coal and iron where none had ever before been supposed to exist; and the whole region has become the abode of wealth, intelligence and refinement. The youth of this state have thus been kept busy at home, and large numbers of European immigrants, Swedes, Germans, English and Hungarians have sought homes here, instead of going further west. Having been familiar for forty years with the growth of this state, I am to-day more than ever surprised at its solidity and its manifest durability and extensive prospects for the future. With all this material prosperity so wonderful, I am glad to note an intellectual, moral, and religious growth and expansion quite commensurate. The aspects of parties in politics and religion here to-day are full of promise of good. Asperities have smoothed down, mere show and pretence have disappeared in a wonderful degree, and Pennsylvania to-day is in every part instinct with a higher, purer, better life and activity, far more so than I have ever known before. It is but four weeks now since I left the heats of the capital on the Potomac, and came for a while to breathe the pure air of these highlands. But I have been greatly delighted and encouraged in beholding here, far from the rush and turmoil of city life, the true springs of the firm and enduring growth and permanence of our people, their institutions and government. No one can feel it as I do, unless he can also go back to the old days of schism, ignorance, and obstruction which characterized the days of wild-cat banks and canals, and political intrigues, prior to 1840; days which can never return. Whatever sins of monopoly this present time may have to answer for, it is a pleasure to know that upon the region which sat in the darkness and shadow of death years ago, light is now sprung up. And more and more I can see a good future for Pennsylvania. The Presbyteries of this State will soon hold their semi-annual sessions, and on the 17th October for the first time the United Synod of Pennsylvania meets for a week at Harrisburg. All interests of Christian society are subserved by these great religious conventions. All Christian men and women feel more and more, as we thus meet together, that we are no more twain, but one body; and that Christ is all and in all. It is delightful to see how sect disappears, schism vanishes, and the Spirit of the great Head of the Church pervades all branches of it, at such times. Surely these are harbingers of the Millennium.

When I see a beautiful town in the mountains, where lately primeval forests held sway, all luminous at night with electric light, and when I find conferees of the "Franklin Institute," who forty years, and less, ago, were discussing possibilities of railroads and telegraphs in the land, now just as soberly and intelligibly discussing electric locomotion, aerial navigation at 200 miles per hour, and expressing beliefs of interplanetary and interstellar intercourse and traffic, I think it cannot be long till the "Son of Man" may be seen "coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." (Matt. xxiv: 30; Acts i: 11.) For theology and science will strike hands and

rejoice, when the cap-stone of the edifice of humanity is laid, and the angelic bands shall shout grace, grace unto it!

During the almost year since I left California, great numbers of things have been observed by me in the East, which all tend to make me hopeful for the future of mankind, especially so in our own country. "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," I know. It is like the great march of the heavenly bodies in space, and the "music of the spheres." The lonely watcher in the national observatory, or on Mt. Hamilton, in silence and night constantly notes the ceaseless movements of the great clock of eternity; and the humble, pious, Christian shepherd sees the dawn of millennial glories long before the masses who sleep in the night, or become drunken in the night, are awake.

The mighty march of events in our own land seems to me, at three score and two years, grand beyond comparison. And so in Egypt, India, China, and Africa. He who is overturning and overturning, will overturn till He whose right it is to reign has fully come. All things fore-shadow it. All the shadows, too, point toward the great morning of the final day! The part assigned to California and the Pacific Coast, in this splendid consummation, is a matter of intense interest to me. You can best discuss it. My time for observation is once more limited to the eastern horizon. All constellations make apparent westing. C. M. B.

"I Flee unto Thee to Hide Me." (Psalm xliiii: 9)

We cannot tell by the outward appearance how fierce a battle is being carried on within. We often say of certain persons "that it is easy for them to lead a Christian life," when, in fact, their apparent evenness of disposition is the result of daily struggle for the right. That calm and saintly face may have, but a few hours before, been bowed to the earth in anguish, pleading for power to say: "Thy will not mine be done." One Christian will say to another, "Your disposition is different from mine; you are naturally good!" How ready we are to judge, but how little we know. The "naturally good" Christian makes no reply, but murmurs to himself: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Again we say: "Mr. Black thinks too much of himself. He has so many faults we can hardly see how he can call himself a Christian. He is so egotistical," etc., etc. But what does our brother think of himself? Did he stand up this morning and tell God how humble and faithful he was growing? Not he, indeed! Closing his door, he fell upon his knees and offered up this prayer: "O God! I have been staying away from this room where I have been used to meeting with Thee, because I felt so unworthy. It seemed wrong to bring so much of sin and self before Thee. But dear Lord, I cannot do without Thee! I flee unto Thee to hide me from myself. Hear me, I pray, for Jesus' sake."

How many of us have hidden ourselves in God? Can it be that we are resting in the shadow of His wings, and yet entertain such uncharitable thoughts of others? Did our Father take us into His care because we were free from self, or because we had so much we could not conquer without His aid? Is there a Christian in the world who does not need to flee to God for strength, over and over again? Surely God is full of mercy, and when we are buried up in Him we shall only see as He sees, with eyes of love.

"Judge not; the working of the brain And of the heart thou canst not see. What looks to thy dim eye a stain, In God's pure light may only be A scar, brought from some well-fought field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

The look, the air that frets thy sight, May be a token that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some internal, deadly foe, Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace, And east thee shuddering on thy face."

WORK.

This about the Yankees from the Richmond Christian Advocate, whose editor has said more hard things of the North than any other religious editor in the South, is worth quoting:

"They were on the wrong side in the war. They are given to heresies. They are avaricious. And, somehow, nearly every morning, in opening the papers, some Yankee has given a million to found a charity, endow a college, or start a 'plant' for the poor. All these queer things puzzle us. The religion of the Yankee runs to under for the feeding of the race. The religion of the South, we fear, is likely to develop in the line of Texas cattle—in horns, elevated, hard, and hollow."

We do not believe quite so badly as that of Southern religion. The South is still poor and cannot afford to give largely. But it is increasing in the grace of beneficence.—Independent.

Little Jennie sat in wide-eyed wonder, staring at the bald-headed minister, as he bent forward to ask the blessing. After the ceremony she exclaimed, in a shrill voice: "Oh! mamma, poor C— Got no bangs!"

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

Conducted by a Committee of the Board.

Our Missionary's Vacation in Skyland.

ATAGOZAN, 7 miles at the west of Kiyoto, Aug. 2, 1882.

DEAR FRIENDS.—We have rented a vacant "tea house," or little hotel not far from the top of the mountain. I board with the Hales, having "the run of the house" and also my tent in the rear of the house overlooking the charming view below and around. So far it is very healthy, apparently, and we began systematic walking after the first week. I never lived in a complete house in this way before, and somehow the quiet and rest take me back to childhood days before schools began, somewhere in the country, in imagination.

The thermometer stood at 76 degrees at noon to-day, and has been a little less for a day or two, but with dry atmosphere. Mr. Hale was called down for a day or two to Osaka, and revealed in the heat indicated by 94 degrees. He felt pretty cold after his return, and all enjoyed the flannels he brought. It is very nice to watch the showers about us from the "top side," as the Chinamen say. We can see the changes in the atmosphere around Osaka and Arima, where most of the missionaries are. We knew they had a great rain there before hearing so from them. Now, August 3d, evening, it is raining here; there has been a high wind all day, especially on the sides of the mountain facing old Heizan, and the Lake Rena beyond. We can see a little of that from this mountain, and daily from my tent I see a wide stretch of the bay beyond Osaka, sometimes even plainly seeing the little crested foam dashing up. I am finding just the best opportunity so imperatively needed for rest from the past unprejudiced term, and preparation for the next. Miss Davis and I had planned an overland trip to Tokyo and Hakone, but on account of Miss Parmelee's departure, and school cares, with the cholera at Yokohama and springing up in other places, we decided to make different arrangements, holding this trip in reserve. I suppose Miss Parmelee has reached the home land. Our thoughts have constantly followed her.

I was greeted all around this morning with special consideration and love, in honor of its being my birthday. It was too cloudy to walk in the morning, so I spent the time in study, and quite forgot the glorious anniversary, till at noon my attention was attracted by the graceful floral decorations in the dining-room. On raising my plate, a new surprise and laugh was in store for me, for there was a neatly arranged group of skillfully wrought insects, grass-hoppers, bees, wasps, etc., which Mr. Hale had brought from Osaka. We enjoyed a long walk in the afternoon, braced by the cold wind which blew almost a gale sometimes, but in this mountain we fear no cold, and are so thankful for such a restful, cool retreat. We are very busy—the time will be all too short for what we wish to accomplish, and we learn to plan for less and less each year. Can you imagine how it would seem to celebrate a Christian birthday with all the associations of a Christian land up here on this mountain sacred to the god of fire almost 2,900 feet above the sea level? When asked to select the evening hymn, could I have done better than to say,

"Oh! could I speak the matchless worth Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And be with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine."

Does it not gain new significance in being sung in a strange land where that matchless worth and those glories have been unknown and unsought until so recently?

There is a large temple at the top of this mountain, with a generous tea house (kept by a kind old lady) adjoining. She says she lives here the year round. We are not annoyed at all by visitors. A few pass every day. For the first time in Japan I can have a thorough Japanese lady teacher—thus we are beginning to reap the more manifest fruit of long and united labors. She is one of our graduates. I talk to her in English when not studying. She is a congenial companion when desired, sharing my tent. She writes my Japanese letters and orders, reads nearly everything in English to me; as she picks up music readily, she comforts us all by playing; then she sews, tilts in her time when not doing something of her own—so keeping occupied and free from loneliness.

The Japanese are so gregarious that I had some fears about asking my cook to come up here; they all, learned and ignorant, have, I believe, more or less superstition about such retreats. It is engraved on a monument in our neighborhood, "All worshipping this illustrious god will be forever protected from the devils of the mountain." Then there are all kinds of superstitions about the bewitching of one by foxes, badgers, etc. So I was rather surprised, and of course pleased, when our man so readily consented to come up, and set

about preparations with his usual trustworthiness and efficiency. He finally asked to bring his little boy up, and thinking he would be more comfortable than care to his father, I consented. All went finely. The little boy played about and seemed very happy and contented. But one day we heard a cry, and found that, in a most merciless manner, the father was applying the penalty for disobedience. A great many Japanese have the habit of over-indulging the children every day, and sum up the needed correction in this manner once a year, or oftener. It is said to be their way to punish and punish till a mediator appears. Fortunately, a carrier of water appeared and did his best to rescue the child (only four years old), who plead piteously to be forgiven, as "he'd never do so again," etc. Well, at last the boy was strapped to his father's back, and the man came hastily bowing himself out, and went off, pale with rage—the poor little fellow looking back in terror, not knowing what would become of him. Our heart ached for them, and for the Christian mother, who remained in the city, who was yet to hear and see the effects of his anger. He said he wanted to come back when half way down the mountain, but shame and pride hindered him, and he kept on. Tired and footsore, he had to rest in town several days. He couldn't tell his wife, but the bruises on the poor little body told the tale, and brought forth the mother's tears. He went to his pastor and told him "what a sin he had committed on the mountain," and then prayed God to help him control his temper in future.

We have just passed through a heavy typhoon. I shall never forget its roar nor cease to be grateful for the protected location of our house. My tent stood out the gale finely; but when the wind attacked the four corners, and I heard a repeated crackling noise, I concluded to remove my best treasures to the house, and "let her drive," if need be. A little way below is a beautiful opening overlooking Kiyoto. I was feeling a little regret that we could not have been located there. I'd even made so bold as to appropriate it for a study on pleasant days, and had thought of recommending it as a home for a friend in the search of some retreat. On the morning of the typhoon, unable to carry umbrellas, we tied up our heads, donned our gossamer waterproofs, and went down to "my study." Well protected by the avenue of over-spreading cedars all was well till we came near and found it in the very teeth of the typhoon, and we shuddered to think of a dwelling being there. Exhilarated by this walk, we concluded to go to the top and see the effect there. As we approached the temple, the wind roaring through the tops of the tall cedars above us, we found the tea-house nearly closed, and the people, ten or twelve in all, looking as frightened as though they really thought "the god was angry." When we first came up, it rained, and we heard that some of the superstitious ones said "the god was angry because foreigners had come up." We feared for those on the sea, and hope to hear to-day or to-morrow what happened outside of our horizon.

But I must close, as our man is waiting to go down the mountain.

Lovingly,

ALICE J. STARKWEATHER.

A man may have a great treasure locked up in his safe, but unless he employs it in some useful way, it is practically worthless. It is true, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has it, and, if so disposed, can use it. But this does no one else any good. Others are benefited by his money only in proportion as he puts it into circulation. So with knowledge. A man may have great stores of knowledge, but if in his selfishness he locks it up in his own mind, and does not employ it for the good of others, he is of no more use to society than if he was an ignoramus. Talents are not given to be buried, but to be used. Knowledge should be acquired, not for the mere sake of knowing, but to possess the ability of doing. The most useful man is not the man who knows the most, but the man who uses what he knows to the best advantage. Every man should acquire all the knowledge he can, and then he should use it as he has opportunity and circumstances require, in doing good and communicating to others. No talent should be unemployed. A man should not place his light under a bushel.

Senator Hill, of Georgia, who died a few weeks ago, made his will, giving to his wife and children his earthly possessions. One of the items of the will reads as follows:

"I now give and bequeath to my wife and children that which some of them now possess, and which, I assure them, in full view of death, is far richer than gold and more to be desired than all human honors. God is a living God, and Christ came into the world to save sinners. I beg them to have faith in Jesus, for by this faith alone can they be saved."

An express train on the New York Central Railroad, ran from Syracuse to Buffalo, 150 miles, in 148 minutes, recently.

Contributions.

Indian Missions at Skokomish, W. T.

BY REV. M. ELLIS.

[Read before the Congregational Association of Oregon and Washington.]

It is now eleven years since Christian work on this reservation was begun under what has been known as the Peace Policy of President Grant, and eight years since this church was organized; enough time to expect that some fruits ought to be seen. Here, however, let me say that very much ought not to be expected as the fruits of Indian mission work in a few years. Some have expected great things in two or three years. In 1871, one of the secretaries of the American Missionary Association, in speaking to me of the new policy, said that if President Grant should not be elected to a second term, his successor might change the policy, yet that he hoped that so much would be accomplished in the remaining two years of President Grant's term, that his successor, if there should be a change, would see so plainly the advantages of the new policy, that he would also adopt it. In 1876, two years after I had come here, and five years after the Indians had come under a Christian agent, in conversation with Gen. O. O. Howard on Indian missions on this coast and his success, he said: "But you at Skokomish do not seem to have accomplished as much as you ought to have done." Much as I respect both men who made these remarks, I do think that both expected too much when they thought that in two or five years great results would be seen. When we remember that it took scores, yes, hundreds of years to convert our Anglo-Saxon ancestors from heathenism to Christianity and civilization, and that even now those of you who are laboring among the whites are often tried because the seed sown lies long buried, we must not think it strange if great results are not seen in two or five years among the Indians, whom some call so savage and treacherous that they never can be civilized, and only good when dead.

I connect President Grant's grand opening for Christian work among the Indians with the early missions to the Indians of this coast, far apart as they may seem to be, by means of the telegraphic communications to Heaven. Thirty-six years previous to that opening in 1871, missionaries came to this coast to teach the Indians. Many others were added to the number, and yet, after thirteen years of labor, those missions were entirely broken up. For nine years more all the missionaries were excluded from their work, and for about thirteen more it was difficult to do much. Father Spalding among the Nez Percés a short time, Father Wilbur among the Yakamas, and Captain John Smith at the Warm Springs Reservation, carried on about the only Protestant work there was among the Indians on this coast from 1859 to 1871, and they met some difficulties which were very discouraging. Father Wilbur was at one time driven from his agency, and he and his associates were denied the privilege of teaching the Indians, even at their own expense, and, to use their own expression, "were treated as dogs." Father Spalding was called a bad and dangerous man, and after he had been kept away nine years from those he had crossed the continent to teach, because of Indian hostilities, was kept away a large part of the next eleven years, because Government officials, who were appointed by one of the most Christian governments in the world, would not let him stay there. And for a time, when the military had charge, all of these teachers had to leave and see their Christian work go down. But during all these years prayer was made without ceasing for the Indian. Many a time have I heard from those now in Heaven prayers for the aborigines of this country which have made an indelible impression on my mind and which were much less forgotten by God.

Like Paul and Silas when they were in jail at Philippi and could not preach or do Christian work, so were the missionaries to the Indian. But Paul and Silas even then prayed and sang praises, and so did the missionaries. And as the prayers of Paul and Silas pierced through prison walls, and ascended past the third heavens, and went through the golden gates and past the angel guards, until they reached the ears of Almighty God, so did the prayers of these modern workers ascend to Heaven. And as God answered the prayers of those ancient missionaries in a strange and unexpected way, so did he answer those of the modern missionaries.

To no person who has occupied the presidential chair for a long time, probably, would Christian people have looked for a Christian policy less than to President Grant. He was a military man; had been chosen to that place because of his success. And when he was on this coast, stationed among the Indians, he was, to say the least, not noted for his Christianity. Yet, when he became President, he adopted the most Christian policy ever adopted toward the Indian, and was, in God's hands, the means of answering the prayers of the previous thirty years. Surely "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord."

While Government does not, and cannot in accordance with its principles, send out missionaries, yet it did ask missionary bodies to nominate agents, and promised to confirm those nominations, with the expectation that the door would be opened so widely that missionary societies would be induced to send missionaries to every agency in the United States. What more could Christians have asked in answer to their prayers.

June 22nd and 23rd, 1874, this church was organized with eleven members, only one of whom was an Indian. But while there was only one Indian, it was hoped

that God would bless the work so that others would be induced to come in, and we have not been wholly disappointed. Since that time twenty-eight Indians and half-breeds have joined it, and our new church at Jamestown near Dungeness, besides thirteen whites who have joined it on profession, and thirteen more by letter, making seventy-five in all, including the first members. Forty-five Indian marriages have taken place here in a Christian way, and twenty-seven funerals. All of those married, who are alive, are still living together, owing mainly to the Agent. Christian services at funerals are something about which the Indians at first cared but very little, and often have the dead been hurried off to burial without ever letting me know that any one was dead; and their burying ground with its small houses and clothes, cloth and other things, was a curiosity to visitors. But after a time, having made some slow improvements, they opened a new burying ground, and when the first grave was made the chief said to me: "To-day we become white people. We do not like the idea of having cloth and other things around our graves, and we expect that there will be none of it here." That was nearly four years ago, and there are no such things visible. At a later day I was absent when one person died, and no white person was present at the funeral, but when I returned, the Indians asked me to make arrangements so that if I should necessarily be absent, some Christian white man should go and help them bury their dead in a Christian manner.

A prayer-meeting was begun here as soon as the present Agent came (before there was a church or minister), which has been constantly maintained, and its influence has gone into all the Christian work here. But it has been too old for some of the children, and too far away and in a wrong language for many of the Indians, hence it has been supplemented by children's, ladies' and Indian prayer-meetings.

It has been my custom, as I have been able, to hold such meetings with the Indians at their logging camps. The following incidents show a change: About six years ago they said they did not know how to pray or what to say. So to help them we would say a sentence and let one whom we supposed to be most suitable in heart repeat over the prayer, line after line. One evening something comical struck one and he burst out laughing in the midst of his prayer. At another time a hunter came home during a prayer-meeting, and without any regard to it, came in, throwing down his saddle and things, and talking very much as if there were no prayer-meeting there. That Indian of late has been one of the leading ones to pray. Another evening, when I was through and was leaving I said "Good night," and the reply came "Good night," but as I was outside the door and shutting it, the words were added in a not very complimentary way, in a lower tone and yet so that I heard them, "old man." That Indian, after going to great lengths in gambling, has been one during the past few months to try to induce his relations to enter the right road.

I have been reminded of these incidents lately by way of contrast, because of the earnest requests that have come to me, during the past few months, to go to the same place, and the earnest and apparently hearty thanks which have come from the same persons and the same camp for the same work.

About eight years ago an Indian was wandering around during Sabbath-school time, and was asked why he was not inside the church. His reply was, that the services were so much in English that they were dry to him. Only when the time came for singing the Chinook song, was he interested. There was only one, then, but the necessity for them seemed to grow until there were enough to make our little book, in 1878, "Hymns in the Chinook Jargon language." Indians living away from the Reservation have learned to sing them who have learned but little else about the Gospel, because they could not sing them without learning them. They have carried and sung them down the straits to Cape Flattery and across the straits to British Columbia, to Indians I probably never will see, and some gospel truths have gone with them. The Indians of both tribes however, Twanas and Clallams, felt that another important step had been taken when last spring they could sing in their own native language.

In our Sabbath-school we have always followed the plan of having the scholars commit five or six verses a week to memory, and most of those who have done the best in this respect have come into the church. Eight out of ten of the highest on the list for 1878 are now members, and the same proportion holds good for some other years. In all, twenty-seven have come in on profession of faith from the Sabbath-school.

There has been a constant warfare against intemperance. The law and the gospel have both been used; they have both been needed. Much has been accomplished. More than once a whiskey bottle has been captured, set out in public view on a stump or box, a temperance speech made, the bottle broken into many pieces, and its contents spilled on the ground. Even in 1875, when there was a horse race about eight miles distant, the better class would not go because they feared that there would be whiskey there, brought by whites. Those who did go asked that a white employee from the reservation might go to protect them, and he did so. During the day the Indian policeman saw a white man offer some whiskey to an Indian of another agency, and told him not to do so. At night it was found that not an Indian was drunk, while all but two or three of the eight or ten white men there, were considerably under the influence of liquor. Still the warfare is not over. Yet when we take into consideration the condition

of these Indians eleven years ago, and the condition of others who have not these privileges and who lie around heavily drunk in open sight, we have reason for faith in the God of the law and the Gospel.

Other morals have made a decided advance. Gambling, Sabbath-breaking, and horse-racing, though not what we wish they were, dead, yet are by no means as prevalent as they once were. While too we are often grieved over their faith in their medicine men and practice of jugglery, yet there is nothing like the amount there was ten years ago, or that there is now among some of the Clallams who live one or two hundred miles away. Potlaches, also, the greatest Indian festivals, are to use the expression of their chief, getting to be very dry. The Indians are becoming too civilized to indulge in some of the parts they once delighted in. They are ashamed to do so, and without these parts they are uninteresting. They are surely dying.

Our report of the church, already read, shows a decrease of nearly one quarter since last July; and at first it might seem as if there were in that great cause for discouragement. It says that from a membership last year of forty, sixteen letters had been granted during the year. But when we look at the causes of this we find no cause for discouragement, hardly of regret. Nine of these letters were taken by whites who had been employed on the reservation. After due examination more than a year ago by a government inspector, it was thought that the Indians had advanced so far in respect to farming, carpenter and blacksmith work, that the whites employed for those purposes could be discharged and the places be filled by Indians. This was done July 1st, 1881. It weakened the church of considerable of its strength. But it is no cause for regret that the Indians have thus advanced. It would be great cause should they not do so. Seven of our members have always lived at Jamestown, near Dungeness, ninety miles from us. Four others wished to join last spring, and it was thought best to organize them into a church by themselves. This caused seven more letters to be granted, but gave us a new church. That, too, was no cause for regret, that God should answer our prayers enough to add to the Christian membership there. That has been organized more as an Indian church than this one at Skokomish was. At its beginning this one had eleven members, ten whites and one Indian, with the prospective hope of benefit to other Indians. That one likewise at its beginning had eleven members, but with this difference, that only one was a white person and ten were Indians and half-breeds. It is worthy of remark that while Clallam county was organized twenty-six or eight years ago, and now has a white population of nearly six hundred, yet these Indians have the only church building, church bell, and prayer-meeting, and at this place and on the Neah Bay reservation, where there is a regular Sabbath-school, are the only weekly Sabbath services, summer and winter, in the county, if I am not mistaken.

Yet while the church at Skokomish has been thus weakened in numbers, God has been so gracious to us that in the two Indian churches the number of whites who have left has been more than made up by the additions which have come to us from the Indians. The two churches report a larger membership than was reported last year, and the Indians at Skokomish have contributed enough for the salary of the pastor to make up what was lost by the removal of the whites.

Two of our older school boys are now taking a leading part in the religious work among the Skokomish Indians. They are often talking with them, and when I am necessarily absent they hold one Sabbath service and one weekly prayer-meeting, without any assistance from the whites. We have succeeded in translating and composing about ten hymns in the Skokomish and Clallam languages during the year. Heretofore, we have used Chinook songs, but now we have combined with them some in the native languages, which fill a want among the older Indians.

There has been more religious interest during the past six months than for a long time previous. It is due to two secondary causes; the primary cause being, of course, the seed sown heretofore. One of these has been the influence of Christian Indians of other tribes, and the other the most severe sickness which has visited us since our residence here. Seventy cases of sickness and ten deaths, in considerably less than two months, was severe, but it was blessed to the good of our future.

As to our future, we can hardly tell. The recent order of Secretary Teller, dissolving the company which has heretofore existed between Government and missionary societies in the selection of agents, will probably affect us in the course of time. We sometimes hope, however, that so much has been here accomplished that the work will go on, even if the Government shall not foster us as much as it has done.

We expect, also, soon to lose our Agent as one of our resident members, who has been a great strength to the church, as well as a good official. But this loss, like that of others of our members, has its redeeming features. All of the Indians on the Sound have so far advanced that it is believed by those in authority that one Agent will suffice where there have been employed, and expense be saved. Our Agent has been selected for that purpose, who, while he will still have charge of these Indians, will probably have to remove to some place more central to the ten reservations over which he will have charge. While we, as a church, will lose him, yet the progress of all of the Indians, and his enlarged sphere of usefulness, are no cause of regret. We might, in view of

some of the changes soon probably to take place, feel as if it looked a little dark, were it not that we can look back over the past years and see how we have been led and carried through very much darker times, and so can trust for the future.

The Holy Spirit. VI.

O. C. F.

His personality: He appoints and commissions his servants: Acts xiii: 2; xx: 28. He directs when to preach: Acts viii: 29; x: 19, 20. He would not let Paul go into Bythinia: Acts xvi: 6, 7. He instructs Paul what to preach: 1 Cor. ii: 13. He spoke in and by the prophets: Acts i: xvi; 1 Pet. i: 11, 12; 2 Pet. i: 21. He teaches: John xiv: 26; 1 Cor. xii: 3. Dwells with the saints: John xiv: 17. Testifies of Christ: John xv: 26. Reproves: John viii: 8. Guides: John xvi: 13. Glorifies Christ: John xvi: 14. Can be tempted: Acts v: 9. Can be resisted: Acts vii: 51. Comforts: Acts ix: 31. Helps our infirmities: Rom. viii: 26. Searches all things: Rom. xi: 33, 34; 1 Cor. ii: 10; 11. He has a power of his own: Rom. xv: 13. Sanctifies: Rom. xv: 16; 1 Cor. vi: 11. Works according to his own will: 1 Cor. xii: 11.

EMBLEMS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. Water: John iii: 5, 8; vii: 38, 39. Freely given: John iv: 14; Rev. xxii: 17; Ezek. xvi: 19; xxxv: 25. Cleansing: Eph. v: 26; Heb. x: 22. Abundant: John vii: 37, 38.
2. Fire: Matt. iii: 11; Acts ii: 13. Searching: Zeph. i: 12; 1 Cor. ii: 16.
3. Wind: Songs of Sol. iv: 16. Powerful: 1 Kings ix: 11; Acts ii: 2. Independent: John iii: 8; 1 Cor. xii: 11. Sensible in its effects: John iii: 8.
4. Oil: Comforting: Is. lxi: 3; Heb. x: 9. Illuminating: Zech. iv: 23, 11-14; Matt. xxv: 3, 4; 1 John ii: 20, 27. Healing: Is. i: 6; Luke x: 34; Rev. iii: 18.
5. Rain and dew: Imprecipitable: 2 Sam. xvi: 12; Mark iv: 26-28.
6. A dove: Matt. iii: 16. Gentle: Matt. x: 16; Gal. v: 22.
7. A voice: Is. vi: 8. Guiding: Is. xxx: 21; John vii: 13. Speaking: Matt. x: 20. Warning: Heb. iii: 7-11.
8. A seal: Rev. vi: 2. Authenticating: John vi: 27; 2 Cor. i: 22. Securing: Eph. i: 13, 14; iv: 30.
9. Cloven tongues: Acts ii: 3, 6-11.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. By the Father: Luke ix: 13.
2. By Christ without measure: John iii: 34. By the Son: John xv: 22. Given upon the exaltation of Christ: John vi: 39. In answer to prayer: Luke xii: 13; Eph. i: 16, 17. Through the intercession of Christ: John xiv: 16. For the comfort of saints: John xiv: 16. To those who repent and believe: Acts ii: 38. According to promise: Acts ii: 38, 39. To those who obey God: Acts v: 32. To the Gentiles: Acts x: 44, 45; xi: 17; xv: 8. In answer to prayer: John vi: 38, 39. In permanent: 1 Pet. iv: 14. An earnest of an inheritance of the saints: 2 Cor. i: 22; 2 Cor. v: 5; Eph. i: 14. Received through faith: Gal. iii: 14. An evidence of union with Christ: 1 John iii: 24; iv: 13.

The influence of the Holy Spirit upon the faculties of man: 2 Tim. i: 7. On the intellect, perception: John iii: 3; Mat. v: 5; Rev. iii: 6; John xii: 27-29; 1 Cor. ix: 12. Memory: John xiv: 26. Imagination: 2 Cor. x: 5. Generalization: Acts x: 28. Intuitive ideas, right and wrong: John xvi: 13. On the sensibilities—joy and sorrow: Acts ii: 46, 47. Love and hate: Gal. v: 22, 23. Enthusiasm: Rom. xii: 11. The will: Acts i: 8.

The Fruit of the Spirit: Gal. v: 23. Love: 1 Cor. xiii: 1, 13; John xiv: 21. Joy: John xv: 1; xv: 11. Peace: John xiv: 27; Phil. iv: 7; Col. iii: 15. Long-suffering: 1 Pet. ii: 23. Gentleness: Matt. xviii: 2, 3; Eph. iv: 32. Goodness: Rom. xv: 14; Faith: Heb. ii: 6; John iii: 36. Meekness: Matt. ii: 23. Temperance: Prov. xxi: 29-31; 2 Pet. i: 5-9.

EMBLEMS.

7. Water—Fertilizing: Ps. i: 3; Is. xxvii: 3, 6; xlv: 3, 4; Is. lviii: 11. Refreshing: Ps. xlv: 4; Is. xli: 17, 18.
2. Fire—Purifying: Is. iv: 4; Mal. iii: 2, 3. Illuminating: Exod. xiii: 21; Ps. lxxvii: 14.
3. Wind—Reviving: Ezek. xxxvii: 9, 10, 14.
4. Oil: Ps. xlv: 7. Consecrating: Ex. xxix: 7; xxx: 30; Is. lxi: 1.
5. Rain and Dew: Ps. lxxii: 6. Fertilizing: Ezek. xxxiv: 26, 27; Hos. vi: 3; Is. xlv: 4. Refreshing: Ps. lxxvii: 9; Is. lviii: 4. Abundant: Ps. cxxxiii: 3.
6. A seal—impressing: Job xxxviii: 14; 2 Cor. iii: 18.

(Continued.)

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TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—We will send THE PACIFIC to any new subscriber from this date to January 1, 1884, for \$2.50. Any person sending us \$7.50 with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year.

"Chaplain's Report," in THE PACIFIC last week is the report given by Rev. Jos. Rowell at the anniversary of the Port Society in the First Congregational church, this city, Sabbath morning, Sept. 10th. It should be read by every reader of THE PACIFIC. No better work is done in this city than the truly Christian work by the Mariner's church.

The New Englander for September contains "some honest doubts about the supposed old scriptural ground for divorce," by Dr. Dwinell, and "Progress in Psychology," by Rev. E. James.

In Argentine, near Kansas City, Mo., somebody does not stop to ask whether there is any "Congregational material." A church was organized there, we are told, of twenty-six members, composed as follows: M. E. Church 11, Baptist 4, Presbyterians 3, Lutheran 3, Disciples 2, German Reformed 2, M. E. Church South 1. And why should anybody ask? Congregational material is simply regenerate hearts who want to walk in the light of one Master, and in fellowship with one another.

A man was hanged in Chicago on the 16th of September. The dispatch tells us that prominent physicians experimented with electricity and succeeded in restoring the rhythmic motion of the heart, and expressed the belief that if the neck had not been broken they would have restored life. We suppose that is a joke; but it is a specimen of too many expressed beliefs in what are called scientific circles. If the neck had not been broken, a good deal might be done. The "ifs" in the speculations concerning life are numerous. As in the joke above, they are larger than any other element in the problem.

The programme of the General Association, changed somewhat from the one published last week, and improved, will be found in another column. The place of meeting, the Third church in this city, is a good one, a live church, with a live, warm-hearted, consecrated pastor. Ministers and delegates who can use the coast steamers, will, probably, when they return, be able to secure a reduction in fare equal to one-third or one-half for the round trip. And now let every church be represented by its pastor and due number of delegates. Let us look in each other's faces and hear from each other's lips something about the past year's work for the Master. Anniversaries of societies that are dear to us will be held. Other agencies of the churches, worked in common, will be reported, and ways to make them more effective will be considered. Practical subjects of vital importance will be discussed; meetings for prayer and song will be held; and we shall together partake of the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood. Come with a prayerful and loving spirit, willing to speak or to hear, to serve, or to enjoy and profit by the services of others.

These annual gatherings are for all our churches within the bounds of the Association. It is not for a few to plan and arrange and attend, and make the meetings a success, and a real blessing. All should know what is being done, and feel free to approve or object, and propose a better way. The brother from the mountains, or the valley, or the city, who has most of the spirit and wisdom of the Master, is the best brother to follow. Let us gain strength from, and give strength to each other, and unitedly and together, with one accord, look up to Him from whom cometh our help, and expect to receive power from on high.

Edward L. Wilson, who traveled thirty-five days on the Nile, forty-five days in Egypt, thirty days on horseback in Palestine, forty days on dromedaries in Arabia, thirty-four days on the sea, and many days on the march, took no wine or intoxicating beverage, nor did he or his three companions drink any such beverage. In six months' sojourning no one of the company was delayed an hour by sickness. Water, tea, coffee and milk sufficed for drink. He agrees with Dr. Trumbull, of the Sunday-School Times: "I have never found a place where it was necessary for me to drink wine or brandy, or where I deemed the native wine as safe as the native water."

In an old copy of the proceedings of the Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, we find that the organization took up the first day, and that the Congress was opened by prayer the next morning, offered by the Rev. Mr. Duchet, who had been formerly invited to officiate by a committee of three. A subsequent resolution of thanks was sent to the Rev. Mr. Duchet, by the same committee, in these words: "Resolved, That the thanks of the Congress be given to the Rev. Mr. Duchet for performing divine service agreeable to the desire of the Congress, and for his excellent prayer so well adapted to the present occasion."

A discouraging report was read of the action of ministers and parliament in respect to American affairs, from Franklin, Lee and Bolan, who had these affairs in charge. Eighteen pages are devoted to accounts and depositions concerning the "battles" of Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, when was "fired the shot heard round the world." Papers, proceedings, reports, court communications from the mother country, and exciting rumors poured in upon the Congress as it sat, day after day, in committee of the whole on the state of the country. On the 12th of June, 1775, a committee reported in favor of appointing the 20th of July as a day of prayer and fasting, in consideration of "the present critical, alarming and calamitous state of these colonies," to the end "that virtue and true religion may revive and flourish throughout our land; and that all America may soon behold a gracious interposition of heaven for the redress of her many grievances, the restoration of her invaded rights, a reconciliation with the parent state on terms constitutional and honorable to both, and that her civil and religious privileges may be secured to the latest posterity." The entire report covers a page. It closes with this: "And it is recommended to Christians of all denominations to assemble for public worship, and to abstain from servile labor and recreation on said day." The phrase "labor and recreation" coming from those venerable days sounds oddly, in view of the criticism of the word "recreation" in the Republican platform in these days of advancing methods of observing sacred times.

That civilized condition which is the least removed from "the state of nature" is sometimes regarded as the freest and the happiest. Can it be so? Which young man, for instance, has the more freedom, the one who, in primitive society, must be a farmer, a mechanic or a sailor, if he work with his hands, or a preacher, doctor or teacher, if he work with his brains, or the one who in an advanced civilization can farm in several ways, can be an artisan in a dozen different directions, and can take his choice among numerous professions? It is supposed that we must feel narrowed and cramped under so many rules, regulations, customs, laws, forms and multiplied enactments. But no one feels any law a burden except the one who wants to break it. And so long as laws defend or minister to our health, safety, joy and general good, and we wish to keep them, how can their multiplication be a burden, or their existence in the least harmful.

A chatty, cheery, witty person, whose nature is kindly and whose disposition is genial, and who can amuse while he edifies—how welcome he is to any circle, in any house. He brings with him one of the forms of good, one of life's real enjoyments. But how often the place of such a person in society is usurped by the gossip, the tattler, the tale-bearer, or the scandal-monger. Half the unpleasant social excitements, troubles and quarrels which occur never would occur but for the presence and activity of one of this sort of men, who, for some selfish gratification, awakens jealousies, disturbs domestic relations, unhinges society, and even divides churches.

From time to time we read that here and there a religious body has more candidates for the ministry, and more applicants for places than it has positions for. Few denominations are thus favored, and even these are burdened only in special localities. Not long ago the Wesleyans in England are said to have been perplexed what to do with more than 50 men who desired appointments. The Wesleyan body is rich and powerful in England; why then does it not send these two score of men at once into foreign lands? Why keep them at home waiting for vacancies? Are they unwilling to go abroad? If so, are they fit to work at home with the best spirit? It would seem that any such surplus of men should put any such favored denomination upon the undertaking of greater things, somewhere on the round world; and should lead those denominations that have no surplus, but rather a lack of young men for the ministry, to inquire for the reasons of their own deficiencies, and to the search for effective remedies.

The Supreme Tenet in Our Church Policy.

We wish to endorse a sentiment, which some one in the *Advance* quotes from Dr. R. W. Dale, of England. That clear-sighted minister said, "That nine out of ten Congregationalists would define Congregationalism as meaning that every separate society of Christians has the right to elect its own minister and deacons and to arrange for the conduct of its own worship according to its own convictions, and that every member has the right to a voice and a vote in relation to all educational affairs." Dr. Dale, however, thinks it would surprise a good many people, who have such ideas, to find that this was not the way the founders of the polity talked: They had little to say about rights, but a great deal to say about duties. He goes on to give the following as his answer, if he were asked to describe the root of Congregational principles. He would say: "It consists in a profound and serious faith in the reality of that mystical union which exists between the Lord Jesus Christ and all Christian people." The Fathers "did not insist that they had a right to manage their own affairs, but that since Christ was among them, He had a right to manage his affairs, and they would not suffer any external interference with the decisions to which He might lead them."

These are points well made, and it is very desirable that they be taken home and pondered deeply. It is a radical mistake to suppose that a church is simply a democratic caucus, in which the majority are to have their way. It is a body of disciples covenanting together to let Christ have His way. This was notably expressed in the early covenants of our Fathers, which contains this engagement, "To walk in all His ways made known or to be made known to them according to their best endeavors, whatever it cost them. The spirit which prevails in a church, which duly recognizes that Christ reigns, is a very different spirit from that which prevails when the feeling is that all is right if only the larger number has voted in some particular way. Years ago, before the civil war, we remember that there was a little church in Berea, Ky. It was in the midst of an alien country. Congregational material was not plentiful in that section. But there was a man there who believed that if God could raise up children to Abraham out of the stones, he might make a very good church out of Kentucky white men and negroes, and could do it one organization too. But there arose, once on a time, a difficulty very serious. Should the dark-skinned element in the congregation sit where they elected, or should they be told where to sit. The question came up in meeting. Feeling, by which we mean social prejudice, ran high. The white members seemed disposed to act according to their local traditions and associations. But in a serious manner the pastor told the people that the question ought to be, What would Christ do if he were there? That thought came down upon the conscience, and the decision was in favor of equality in the congregation.

This is the uppermost tenet in the Congregational church. Such a body administers a trust committed to its members under responsibility to the divine Master. No member can speak or vote as he pleases, but only as he prayerfully thinks Christ pleases. This gives a sacredness to the church which intrinsically belongs to it. We have often been impressed—reading of those times which tried the souls of the Congregational martyrs, for example, of John Penry—with the exalted appreciation with which they spoke of the despised organizations into whose covenant they had entered. Penry alludes to the little band with which he was connected, as if it were the very Kingdom of Heaven. Some of those early bands, for instance, the one that was so unfortunate in Amsterdam, made great mistakes in interpreting the mind of Christ. Nevertheless it is a greater mistake to run the church as if it were simply the machine of its members. We hold it in sacred trust for the Lord who gave Himself for it. It is His first; we are only stewards to carry out His word and His will.

The times have changed in sixty years. The flurry between Greece and Turkey concerning the adjustment of the new boundary lines, reminds us that sixty years ago Greece was struggling with the Ottoman power for its liberty and independence; that Greece appealed to the civilized world for aid, and received much sympathy and some assistance; and that the Sultan was compelled to go down to Egypt for help, and call for the renowned Mohammed Ali, then in the zenith of power, to help him subdue Greece. That chieftain, with nine thousand Egyptians, ravaged the Morean peninsula with

a savage ferocity, while poor Greece was too feeble to resist. Time brings its revenges. Greece to-day defies the Sultan, and Egypt is shaken by the tread of British armies, and must hereafter be considered as merely a sort of European province.

One A. B. Walsworth was found guilty on a jury trial in this city, of selling liquor to Indians. A few days ago, when he was called for sentence, his counsel moved that the sentence be suspended, "as the defendant had already served considerable time in prison, while awaiting trial, and his business had suffered very much since his arrest." The District Attorney announced that he would not oppose the motion. Judge Hoffman said "there had been grave doubts in his mind with regard to the prisoner's guilt, and he was surprised that the jury did not find a reasonable doubt and give him the benefit of it;" and he proceeded to grant the motion to suspend the sentence. With regard to the reason given by his counsel, if allowed weight, it would release criminals by the wholesale. How many of them wait months, and sometimes a whole year for their trial. "Business suffers," no matter if it is the business of selling liquor to Indians. The Judge "had grave doubts in his mind with regard to the prisoner's guilt." It does not seem that the twelve jurymen had such doubts. Usually it is almost impossible to get a jury to find a man guilty for selling liquor to any one. Seems as though the facts must have been very plain in this case. But the Judge puts his opinion against that of the twelve men, and lets the prisoner off. We suppose the Judge has the right, under the law, thus to reverse the decision of the jury, or he would not have done it. But his doing it goes the more strongly to show that if a man is accused in this city of selling liquor, there is little probability of his conviction and punishment. Either the jury will not agree, or the Judge, with the consent of the prosecution, will overrule their verdict. We know nothing personally of this case, except this report of its final disposal, which, to say the least, seems to us singular, unusual and somewhat suspicious.

We have long maintained, as we have had opportunity, that the kingdom of Greece, a constitutional monarchy with almost universal suffrage, was the true nucleus of a great Christian state, to take possession of Turkey in Europe, whenever the "sick man" should die out of it—of the Eastern question. Of course such a "state" could exist only by the consent and cooperation of the great powers of Europe, just as the restricted Greece of to-day exists. In advocacy of this solution of the Eastern question is an article we have just read in the *Bibliotheca*, by the Rev. Dr. Arnold, formerly a missionary to Greece. Our hope is that the settlement of Egyptian affairs under Gladstone will take such a turn that England, France, Italy and Germany will demand from the "Porte" for Greece, at once, nearly all of her ancient boundaries, with a plain intimation to the Sultan that he will be sent across the Bosphorus, if not to Bagdad, in case he does not cease to make himself a public nuisance.

Some time ago, a woman in this city was arrested for carrying on business as a clairvoyant and fortune-teller, without having paid the license required. Last week the case was brought to trial, and the defense was made that by common law, fortune-telling is a misdemeanor, which may be punished by imprisonment for one year, and placing the offender in the pillory, and therefore, is not a business to be licensed. The defendant still further held that clairvoyance is a phase of religion, and being part of a religion, cannot be the subject of license. On Monday last, Judge Rosenbaum decided that the offense was a misdemeanor, and, therefore, that no license can be collected. Now, will the party be arrested for a misdemeanor? and then will the religion defense be made? and what will be the decision? We shall watch these attempts to evade the law and swindle the people.

In his very pertinent inaugural address, Prof. Ropes, of Bangor Theological Seminary, mentions a common misapprehension of what the Lord said in John xvii: 11, 12, where inattentive readers suppose that "which" refers back to "them," instead of to "name." The true reading is, "name which thou hast given me," not "them which thou hast given me." Now, if the New Version, to which Prof. Ropes does special honor, had been so wise, discriminating and just as to render all the pronouns into good modern English, the mistake in the understanding of these verses would have corrected itself. If "who" and "whom" had been uniformly used with reference to persons, and "which" had never been so applied, such a misapprehension as the one named

could never have occurred. Ministers should always, in reading the scriptures, say, "who" or "whom" when persons are mentioned, and never "which," not even in the "Lord's Prayer." It is well never to violate the educated sense of people, and surely we should not hurt the grammatical sense even of a child.

Senator Sherman, in his recent speech at Columbus, Ohio, summed up his views and those of the Republican party in that State as follows:

"The Sunday-law must either be enforced against the liquor-seller or it must be abandoned as to all other employments of life. The people of Ohio must now determine whether liquor may be sold on Sunday and whether all business vocations and employments of life may be pursued freely and without let or hindrance on that day. It would be infamous for the law to deny to the mechanic, the artisan, the trader or the laborer the right to earn his daily bread on Sunday, and yet allow with impunity the open exposure and sale of liquors of all kinds on Sunday as well as week day or night. It is not advisable for those engaged in this business to force this issue. A tolerant public opinion may wink at violations of Sunday laws or liquor laws; but when this violation is demanded as a right, in disregard of a day of rest that is sanctified to the religious and is deemed wise by the Legislature, they will create a reaction that will lead to injustice. I don't want to see this made a political question; but if it is, I am in favor of the ways of our fathers—the sanctity of one day of rest, when the secular employments of life may be suspended and each for himself may worship or rest, sing or pray, or wander in the woods, or gather around the hearthstone with the children and the old folks, to spend the Sabbath day according to their faith and their conscience."

This is good, square talk, which everybody can understand, and it is the kind of talk which we desire to hear from our Republican orators in this State if they are really in favor of closing business on Sunday. The liquor-sellers in this city and State, in large numbers, are demanding the violation of the Sunday law as a right. They have banded together to resist and defy the law. They are now moving to repeal the law, so that nothing shall stand in their way. They have induced the Democratic party to promise such repeal if they come in power. Let the Republicans speak out plainly and boldly against those who have forced this issue upon the State, and not at the same time try to gain the temperance vote and the whisky vote, and lose both.

It is said by some that it does not matter whether our Sunday law remains on the statute book or not, since it cannot be enforced. But there are other laws that cannot be well enforced, and still they must remain laws. Besides, laws enacted are standards of conduct, and so become educative forces, though but poorly enforced. Often the attempt to enforce them, though it fail, as effectually arouses and educates public sentiment as if it succeeded. Successive failures, in some circumstances, may awaken just that public feeling which will, a little later, insure the enforcement and execution called for. The very discussion which is now going on will make the enforcement and execution of the Sunday law more common and much facilitated the next year, if it remain unrepealed and unchanged. The party, therefore, that promises to favor and stand by the Sunday law and keep it where it is, really promises very much in the right direction, though it may not have pledged itself, in so many words, to see it enforced and executed. Now, the question arises, Has not this party promised about all that could be expected of it, and about all which it could really do? Suppose it had promised to see that the law was enforced and executed, could it have fulfilled that promise? Not in the present stage of the public sentiment; not without more agitation and education than now exist. Had the party promised to agitate and educate till enforcement came along of itself, that would have been to the point. Negatively, the party which advocates the repeal of the Sunday law is doing good, by calling out public sentiment and awakening public thought. And the more it says and does, the more good it will do by indirection. The starting of a new party may do good, if it help on the agitation, foster, confirm, and direct all now engaged in the effort to maintain our Sunday law and get it enforced. If such a new party, however, should give itself to a course that would divide, distract and embarrass the party now working, though imperfectly, in the right direction, then it might do more harm than good. In the present crisis the thing to be aimed at chiefly is the keeping on the statute books of the present law. That done, the enforcement of it will be greatly furthered by the very fact. And the greater the majority in favor of its maintenance, the mightier will be the backing and the grander the moral force which will work toward a swift and decided execution in the coming months.

It is sometimes affirmed that as we cannot carry out well the provisions of a "prohibitory law," it would be unwise to enact it. Not necessarily so. Our law prohibiting murder is wretchedly administered in this city; still we must have the law. Our law prohibiting gambling works feebly, and doesn't half prohibit, in fact. But we must retain the law. Though the letter be dead, the force and spirit of a law may live on, and do a great work of silent prevention. The "prohibitory law" of Maine fails to be fully executed in some of the larger centers of population. What then? Make the most of it possible; it is doing an immense amount of good all over the State, and even in the towns where some meanly flout and defy it. First of all, get your good laws made, then keep them on the statute books, with all their good provisions, at all hazards; then execute them as fast, as far, and as fully as the great public will favor, justify, endorse and stand up to, with men and money, ballots and brains.

The Republican party of the State of New York in convention last week adopted the following:

"Resolved, That while there are varying opinions on the sale of liquors, we subscribe to the principle that propositions on that subject, like all other propositions of the campaign on fundamental law, ought to be submitted to the popular vote."

This is not as explicit as we would like, but, is not the Local Option principle here stated? If a town or district say by their votes, No liquor shall here be sold, that shall be the law. And that ought to be the law. And we are glad that the Republican party in the great State of New York declare that the people have the right to make such a law. The Republican party in this State will be brought to the same position one of these days, or it will go down.

Our Democratic ex-Governor Thayer retires from office, having won the good opinion of even his political opponents. His biennial message, delivered on Sept. 13th, is spoken of as "an able and comprehensive state paper, and gives a flattering condition of state affairs, reflecting credit upon the executive department, and Gov. Thayer's administration will go down in history as very creditable to an *executive officer*." Immediately after the deliverance of the Message, the Governor elect, Hon. T. F. Moody, was introduced, and the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Lord, after which the Governor made his inaugural address. —*Salem Daily Statesman*.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

It.

Report has come to us in a quiet way that the church in Riverside has raised this last year for Home Missions, \$111.35. Its membership is forty-two. It makes the average giving \$2.67 per member. It exceeds by \$2.15 its quota of the Home Missionary "million." The pastor writes: "I think the church has done nobly. I feel proud of their record. It is better than I expected. I first thought that though we aimed at \$2.60, yet if we got \$2.00 per member we would do well. Then after two collections I dared to hope for the \$2.60 or \$100; but I would not have promised a dollar more." How was it done? Once a quarter the pastor presented the work and needs of the society to his people. Those who heard responded; those who were absent were called upon, and given the privilege of giving. The pastor felt a personal interest and responsibility in the matter, and "like priest, like people," they also carried the burden of conviction, and experienced the pleasure of duty well done.

The church in Reno, and the First church in this city have also given their share of the "million."

It may be that other churches have. Possibly some will before the first of October. We have yet to learn of such success—minus the pastor's personal faithfulness. It is the old story—"if!" "it!" the pulpit were only full of it, the land would itself be full of home missions.

RESULTS FOR 56 YEARS.

Churches Organized..... 4,259
Brought to Self-support..... 2,156
Members gathered in..... 303,732
Churches Organized 1871-82..... 1,018

RESULTS FOR LAST YEAR.

Missionaries employed in 1881-82..... 1,070
Organizing 106 new Churches, 215 new Sunday-schools, and caring for 2,000 Schools and 104,308 Sunday-school scholars.
Monthly circulation of *The Home Missionary*, about 25,000 copies.
Cash receipts for the year..... \$340,778.47
Family supplies valued at..... \$60,000.00

More than twice this amount needed annually to push the work—that is, more than \$800,000; in other words, at least a million; and the million it would be, IF!

Philadelphia has 537 churches valued at nearly \$17,000,000, giving the average of over \$30,000 each.

Religious

The General will hold its biennial meeting Tuesday with the Third city. Preached by San Jose, alt. age. Each California, n. tled to a rep. tion by two d. for every fifty hundred.

San Francisco. A special tional Assoc. r. m. on Fr. Montgomery. At the me. Club last M. now supplyi. church in th. "Home Wor. There will on Monday day the sub. Association; C. Pond.

At the Fir. Sabbath, Re. upon "The. the nature of. discouraged. of Lydia."

An Autu. held at the. in this city. Rev. T. K. by request d. ries on "Ins. ability."

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Rev. Dr. cuses for no. vide things. men."

Rev. Mr. Church wor. Rev. Prof. M. Church in C.

Rev. Dr. West Oakl. At night I. "Lessons fr. Ruth."

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"Temper. course by Re. Mr. Ed. with the Ce. this city wil. 000 was pla. raised.

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Office, 405 California Street, San Francisco

The Household.

Rosh Hashana.

[The following is from the Hebrew Observer of Sept. 13th.]

This evening ushers in the first of the series of the holy days which from time immemorial have been celebrated in Israel. To every man, woman and child in Israel, the names of *Rosh Hashana* and *Yom Kippur* are interwoven with their earliest recollections, and surrounded by a halo of solemnity and awe which is as abiding as life itself.

To-night in Europe, America, Asia, Africa and the Isles of the Sea, where a Jewish heart beats in love of the old religion, the *Rosh Hashana* or New Year will be ushered in with the same spirit of solemnity and with the same ceremonies that have been in vogue for centuries and which are co-existent with Judaism.

The universal observance of *Rosh Hashana* proves that the Jews of the earth are still united by the golden links of a common religion and that the heights of orthodoxy and reform may still be easily bridged notwithstanding the violent protestations of a small knot of angry partisans.

One of the reasons why *Rosh Hashana* leaves so abiding an impression upon the heart of every Jew is that unlike most of our holidays it is not to be made an occasion for rejoicing. It is to be a day of serious scrutiny of our words and deeds of the past, and of resolutions for the future. It is to be a Day of Memorial, a day of searching investigation into our moral health, and what man who has a living soul does not stand in awe before the task of reviewing his acts?

Who can observe the Day of Memorial, and examine the book of commissions and omissions by the light of a comparatively unseared and unclouded conscience, without finding the Day of Memorial a Day of Alarm?

It is not any special creed or book that need tell us of cause for alarm: it is the constitution of man, the inward judge, human conscience within man, that unmistakably and universally tells us of the awfulness of the responsibility that rests on us, in having a span's length of time allotted to us for our stay here for the proper use of our bodily and mental powers for our own benefit and for that of our fellow beings!

Man carries the judge within him. Man has a conscience, and finds himself observed, threatened, and generally speaking kept in awe by the same. This power watching within him the observance of the laws, is not anything that he creates or institutes himself voluntarily, but it is embodied in his very essence. It follows him as his shadow when he thinks to flee from it. He indeed can stifle its voice by lust and dissipation; he may render it dormant, but he cannot avoid its now and then coming to itself, its becoming awake when he has to hear its formidable voice. He may also, in his extreme depravity, bring it so far as not to listen to it at all—but hearing it he cannot avoid.

We enter upon the new year well knowing our sins and omissions of the past, and yet man is so constituted that on the as yet clean page of the future, he fondly imagines that there will be no blot. But the world does improve, people become less wicked, and the Millennium, though far distant, must come. The New Year is a blessed institution because it teaches man to reflect; it draws him away from earthly and material things and makes him speculate and ponder over his spiritual being and elevates him perforce above the earth.

In our congratulations to-morrow let us remember this, and if we are grateful for earthly blessings, let us congratulate ourselves that we have passed through the ordeal of a new year with better thoughts, kinder feelings and holier aspirations than we have hitherto felt, and then will it be truly a "Gut Yomtov."

John Currie.

The question has been asked frequently the past few weeks, "Who is John Currie?" and in a few words we will endeavor to answer the question:

Six years ago last May, while on our journey from Boston to Toronto, Ontario, to attend the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, we met Mr. Currie on the train between Montreal and Toronto. In conversation with him, we soon learned that he had been but recently converted from a life of sin and wickedness which he had been leading for several years. He was on his way to the Convention to learn something of the great work being done for young men in connection with the Associations. At this point of privilege he received a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit, and returned to Montreal to labor for that large class of neglected young men from whose society he had been rescued by the power of the gospel. And every hour he could spare from his business he was in saloons, gambling dens, and on the street corners, telling the story of God's redeeming love that plucked him as a brand from the burning. A few months after his conversion, feeling called upon to devote more of his time to the Master's work, he gave up his business and entered Evangelistic work, in which he has been eminently successful. He is a genuine Scotchman, and it is said that he led the life of a pugilist in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, for several years. We cannot vouch for this statement, but we know he has been engaged in the liquor business in several different places, since his arrival in this country, and we truly can say that John Currie is a monument of God's saving mercy.

A few years ago he married a sister of Mrs. Geo. Stebbins, who has been a help meet to him indeed. He is not an educated man in the strictest sense of the term, but one of a large number who have been raised up by God himself to preach the everlasting gospel to a special

class. Thus we have tried to answer the question—"Who is John Currie?"

He will arrive, with his estimable wife, in this city, Saturday, October 14th, and commence services in Association Building the following Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. The name of Currie has become a household word in many of the eastern cities, for they have learned to love him for his work as a Christian gentleman. We expect that he will spend several months on the Pacific Coast, and we have no doubt but that he will be the humble instrument in the hands of God of leading a large number of our young men (whose feet have entered the path that leads to death) to the Lord Jesus. To this end we ask the prayers of every one who may read this article.

H. J. M.

A Serious Defect.

The prevailing system of education for the youth of both sexes is defective, in that it fails to prepare them, and often produces distaste and aversion for, the common callings of life. Their idea of a college education is that it is to relieve them from the necessity of getting their living by manual occupations, and that it is little less than a disgrace for a college graduate to return to the labor of the farm or the kitchen. The result is that thousands of graduates are annually crowding into the over-crowded professions. The farm is left to the management of unskilled workmen who do not know how to develop half its resources. The kitchen is left to the care of Bridget, who, if she knows how to prepare a wholesome meal, is too expensive a luxury to be afforded. Ordinarily she is a fresh Scandinavian, who knows nothing about cooking, and never can learn, because nine out of ten of her employers are as ignorant as herself and cannot teach her. They have been too busy in acquiring "accomplishments" and preparing for a "larger sphere," to learn anything about the culinary art. They have a distaste for "kitchen drudgery," and teach their own girls to despise it, and to look for exemption from it in a wealthy marriage or in a professional career.

This vicious training, begun in the home, is carried on by the college. Girls are being prepared, daily, by "superior education" for the professions of law, medicine, literature, for the ministry, for clerkships, for anything and everything under the sun except to be capable wives, mothers and housekeepers. A professor in the college named writes:

"Within a few weeks a class of 54 graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan University—35 young men, not one of whom looked forward to farming as a life-work; 19 young women, not one of whom, if the truth must be told, has received such an education as to best fit her to become a farmer's wife."

In the nature of the case, not one-tenth of the college graduates who enter the professions can rise above mediocrity, and a majority of them can hardly make a living. The writer quoted above says: "A somewhat extensive acquaintance with the 1,000 graduates of this university convinces me that there are not a few of them who are starving from respectability, while sitting in offices awaiting clients who do not come and patients who never fall sick."

The same is true of Harvard, Yale and other universities which number their graduates by tens of thousands. It is time young people were taught at home and in school, that not every boy who gains a college diploma can be a success as a doctor, lawyer, minister, editor, teacher, statesman, or politician; that a liberal education is becoming too general for all who have it to find room in their professions, and that it is better and more honorable to be an educated, successful farmer, mechanic, or tradesman, than to be a life-long beggar for a constituency in one of the "learned professions."

It is time girls learn that not every girl can be a George Eliot, or an Anna Dickinson, but that in all probability the majority of them are elected to cook the dinners, care for the clothing, and nurse the children of hard-working farmers, grocers, mechanics, and harder working and more impecunious professional men, and that it becomes them to acquire that sort of education that will fit them for this high vocation. They should be taught that there is no sphere and no career possible to any woman higher than that of a faithful, contented wife, mother, and housekeeper, and that to qualify them for these duties they need all the culture of the intellect, of the heart and of the hand they can obtain. Any wife and mother who does not know how to wash, cook and "milk the house," and how to teach these things to her daughters and servants, has abdicated the divinely ordained functions of womanhood, and is certain to have a cheerless and unhappy home. Any woman who makes her home duties secondary in interest and importance to philanthropic work, or any other work under the sun, breeds mischief, domestic broils and misery, for herself and family. Any system of education that leads women to think that they can find a sphere of duty higher than the home is defective and pernicious in the extreme.

It is time that all our colleges had departments of instruction in fit young men for agriculture and for other common business callings. Every woman's college ought to be required, as the condition of receiving its charter, to teach all its pupils how to be good housekeepers. Here in Evanston a Miss Parloa has had a "perfectly splendid" run of business in teaching our ladies how to cook. How many Evanston stomachs, now hopelessly ruined by dyspepsia, might have been saved; how much good flour has been made into sour and heavy bread; how much good beef has been spoiled by overcooking; how much good linen has been destroyed; how much profanity has been prevented; how many

Evanston saints might have been saintlier as well as healthier, if, thirty years ago, the woman's college of the Northwestern University had established a department of instruction in cooking and general housework.—Rev. C. H. Zimmerman in *The Interior*.

Hawthorne's Conclusions on Custom House Office-Holders.

An effect—which I believe to be observable, more or less, in every individual who has occupied the position—is that, while he leans on the mighty arm of the Republic, his own proper strength deserts him. He loses the capability of self-support. If he possesses an unusual share of native energy, or the enervating magic of the place do not operate too long upon him, his forfeited powers may be redeemable. The ejected officer—fortunate in the unkindly shove that sends him forth betimes to struggle amid a struggling world—may return to himself and become all that that has ever been. But this seldom happens. He usually keeps his ground just long enough for his own ruin, and is then thrust out, with sinews all unstrung, to totter along the difficult footpath of life as he best may.

His pervading and continual hope—a hallucination which, in the face of all discouragements, and making light of impossibilities haunts him while he lives—is that, in no long time, by some happy coincidence of circumstances, he shall be restored to office. This faith, more than anything else, steals the pith and availability out of whatever enterprise he may undertake. Why should he toil and moil and be at so much trouble to pick himself up out of the mud, when in a little while hence, the strong arm of his uncle will raise and support him. It is sadly curious to observe how slight a taste of office suffices to infect a poor fellow with this singular disease. Uncle Sam's gold—meaning no disrespect to the worthy old gentleman—has in this respect a quality of enchantment like that of the devil's wages. Whoever touches it should look well to himself or he may find the bargain too hard against him, involving, if not his soul, yet many of its better attributes; its sturdy force, its courage and constancy, its truth, its self-reliance, and all that gives the emphasis to manly character.—Preface to *Scarlet Letter*.

Emerson as a Practical Man.

The raciest testimony that ever came within my knowledge as to the soundness of Emerson in practical matters was delivered by a sturdy, stalwart Vermont farmer in a car on the Fitchburg Railroad. My journey was to be a tedious one of three hundred miles, and when I took my seat in the car I felt that my fellow-passengers would give me no such glimpses into their characters as would be afforded by a ride of ten miles in a stage-coach. In a railroad car the passengers are gloomily reticent, as if they expected to be launched into eternity at any moment; in a stage they indulge in all the fury of gossip, and reveal themselves while praising or censuring others. There were two persons in front of me, mighty in bulk, but apparently too much absorbed in their own reflections to speak to each other. The train, as usual, stopped at Concord. Then one of the giants turned to the other, and lazily remarked, "Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town."

"Ya-as," was the drawling rejoinder; "and I understand that, in spite of his odd notions, he is a man of considerable property."

This apposite judgment was made when Emerson's essays had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and when the recognition of his genius was even more cordial abroad than it was among his few thousands of appreciative admirers at home; but the shrewd Yankee who uttered it was more impressed by his thrift than by his thinking. He belonged to the respectable race of descendantists, and was evidently puzzled to understand how a transcendentalist could acquire "property."—E. P. Whipple, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

How Dr. Guthrie became a Teetotaler.

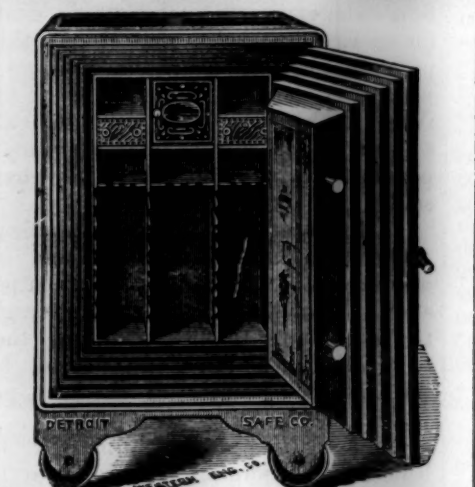
In a journey in Ireland in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaking with water outside, and as those days were days not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly, we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in; he was not well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in the school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauced' for the goose was sauce for the gander, but the car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it. 'Why?' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Please your riv'ence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though I) to my head. He was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman, and I said, 'If that man can deny himself that in indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remember that; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I learned home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler.'—Selected.

To his absent father a little boy writes, that his puppies are growing every day, and sometimes twice a day.

The Oswego *Palladium* tells us this: A seven-year-old daughter of Captain Geo. Vickery, of the canal boat *Lottie Dean*, of Tonawanda, fell into the water at Rathbuns dock this morning while trying to get into a yawl. She came to the surface several times, but was rapidly carried down by the current. Alfred Moran, a boy, leaped in and brought her safely to shore. Captain Vickery offered the lad \$3, but he refused it, saying that the captain was as poor as he, and besides, he didn't do it for money.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our victorious King, Who hath washed us in the tide Flowing from his pierced side; Praise we him, whose love divine Gives his sacred blood for wine, Gives his body for the feast, Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest. Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Paschal Victim, paschal Bread; With sincerity and love, Eat we manna from above.

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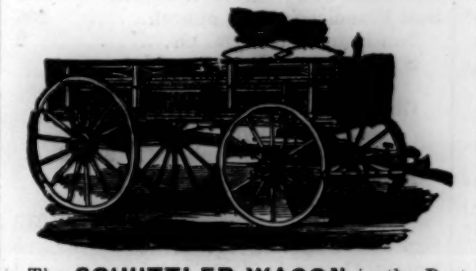
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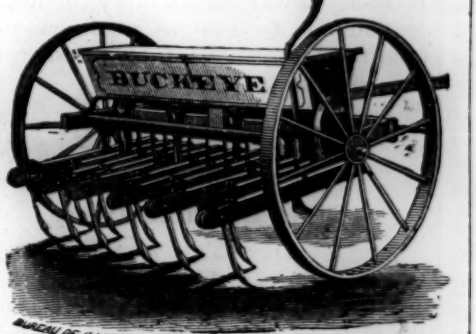
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Grandmother's Stocking.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
And the warm blood came and went
O'er the face that could scarce have been
Sweeter then
Than now, in its rich content.

Th' face is wrinkled and careworn now,
And the light golden hair is gray;
But the light that shone in the young girl's
eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the fire-light,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too.
For they know the stocking-song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time
To grandma's heart to-night—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done."

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay-colored and some are white,
And some are ashen-gray."

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong."

"There are long, plain spaces, without a
break,
That in life are hard to bear;
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care."

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We count, and yet would shun,
When our heavenly Father breaks the thread
And says that our work is done."

The children came to say good night
With tears in their bright blue eyes.
While in grandma's lap, with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies. —Selected.

The Entry Clerk's Religion.

A vacancy had occurred in a department of a large mercantile house called the "entry room." There was speculation among the clerks about who would fill the place.

"Nice berth for the right one, boys," said Marcotte, who was the leader, "but a poor place for the other kind!"

One morning there was a stranger in the entry room, slight, pale, almost boyish-looking. He sat beside the door, evidently awaiting orders, and each one entering received from him a quiet, penetrating glance, Marcotte and his companions directly "sounded" the newcomer. But he was evidently on his guard. Marcotte first assured himself that the young man was a stranger and had no personal acquaintance with "our firm." Then the attack began. Robert Campbell's low replies were almost unheeded in the laughter that followed Marcotte's audacious wit. It was a trying position, but bravely borne. Marcotte presently begged pardon for putting him through the customary course with "us fellows," then asked if he had seen the "Countess' Diamond."

"The young man inquired if they were on exhibition. There was another burst of laughter. Marcotte said it was a popular play."

"I never attend theaters,"

"How do you spend your evenings?"

"At home, usually. If I need recreation, there are many places less questionable than the theatre."

"Perhaps he takes his fun Sundays," said one, winking to the others.

"Gentlemen, for such you doubtless call yourselves, despite your attack upon me," (several faces flushed as Robert Campbell paused), "if you wish to know my principles, I can give them to you briefly. I do not attend theaters or take amusement on the Sabbath, because I believe these things are wrong. I am a disciple of Christ. We probably will be associated in business. I hope so to live that you will respect me and my faith."

While I bear you no ill-will for what has passed, I trust that we shall henceforth treat each other as gentlemen."

Each felt the rebuke. Marcotte strode off, secretly resolved to drive the stranger away. He felt that Robert Campbell was a true Christian; but the "square stand" he had taken failed to please Marcotte. The entrance of Mayhew, the head of the department, sent the clerks to their places. Robert Campbell was assigned his work. The coolness shown at first seemed to abide with him in every emergency. He had a secret source of help of which the others knew not. Only once did he give voice to his suffering. Marcotte had wounded him again by his irony, and made the burden of work doubly hard by his tricks.

"O Marcotte, why do you hate me so?" he cried. Marcotte will never forget those imploring eyes.

"I like you well enough," his enemy admitted. "It's your notions I hate."

"Do you mean my religion?" asked Robert Campbell, quickly. "Then it isn't me you dislike! That is worse for you."

"Why?"

"Because Jesus Christ is the foundation and author of my faith. When you hate that you hate him. 'Me they hated without a cause,' he said. O, Marcotte, how I wish you loved him! You who have so much influence among these young men!"

This leaped forth like a long-spent stream. In silence, but strongly moved, Marcotte turned to his desk. The young disciple had peace for a few days. He began to brighten, a natural vein of humor showed itself, so quaint and dry that he was irresistibly attractive. Marcotte soon began to incite the others again.

One forenoon Robert did not seem himself. His figures were not correct, and Mayhew spoke sharply to him. Marcotte often saw him press his hands to his temples. He left his Bible behind when he went off at noon. Marcotte held it up.

"Let's read his notes, boys, and then hide his precious book!"

They crowded about as Marcotte opened the volume. Next the cover was a woman's picture, a thoughtful face, so like Campbell's that the inscription, "Mother," was scarcely needed. On the fly-leaf was written:

"Robert Campbell, from his dying mother. Read and keep its faithful sayings. I go before in peace for He is 'with me.' May He help you in life's hard journey and bring us safely together at its close. Margaret Campbell."

Marcotte read aloud these last tender words, the rest gazing at the trembling characters in silence. "She being dead," yet spoke to each careless heart.

"Boys," said Marcotte, huskily, "this is too sacred for trifling."

Margaret's gift was reverently laid on Campbell's desk. But he did not return that day. Marcotte took up the little book in his first leisure moment. No one rallied him; there was a new sentiment in the entry room.

"It's useless to fight Campbell's religion," said Marcotte, when the day closed.

"We've made the journey of which his mother speaks pretty rough, but he hasn't veered from his course. He'd go to the stake before he'd give up his faith. His mother has the same steadfast look."

Margaret's picture was looked at again, and in silence, as they looked on the face of the dead.

Marcotte hastened to Campbell's lodgings to restore the book. The young man was too ill to see him. Marcotte was full of grief and self-accusations. During the anxious days that followed there was a marked change in him. He read Campbell's Bible often, dwelling much on the penciled passages. One of these, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," was like an arrow in the heart of his tormentor. "Perhaps he is almost in that kingdom now," he thought. "I can not have him go before I ask his pardon."

There were others who felt so, too. And when, one morning, Robert went again out into the sunshine, and appeared in the entry room, a young prince could not have received more honor.

"I have come to say good-by. It has pleased God to supply me with funds and restore my health, that I may resume my interrupted theological course." His face shone with solemn joy. "Now I can spend the rest of my days in working for Jesus. I wish I could have done something here" (his gentle, wistful look was not soon forgotten by them) "but somehow I repelled you all. I thank you all for your kindness when I was ill. God grant that you may all find friends when sickness comes."

They all broke down when he left. He never dreamed that his persistent Christian life had been the means, under God, of changing the infidel Marcotte, and sowing seeds of good among the rest.

Robert Campbell now breaks the bread of life to a humble parish far away from any mercantile city. There are precious souls led by him to the Saviour, and not the least among them those who learned to love "religion" as exemplified in the young "entry clerk." —*Examiner.*

A Remarkable Experience.

A little over two years ago, an English sea captain touched at one of the South Sea Islands, inhabited by cannibals. The natives came flocking to the ship, intent as usual on barter. Among the others there came a mother, bringing her little girl Seada. You may imagine the captain's disgust when this cannibal mother offered to kill and cook her child for his dinner, if he would give her trinkets worth about eight dollars. The captain gave the mother the coveted treasures, but signified that he would take the girl alive. After the English captain had kept her for a year, he met in voyage, Captain and Mrs. Meaus, of Milbridge, Maine, and to these good people he gave over his charge. Being in Milbridge last summer, says a correspondent of the *Religious Herald*, I called with Rev. Mr. Walbridge to visit Seada. I was surprised at her quiet manners, and pleased with the shy way in which she managed to see everything going on while hanging her head from bashfulness. Her general appearance was that of a good-looking mulatto, with straight black hair and handsome brown eyes. Seada has already acquired the ways of an American child, and is learning very rapidly in the studies of the common schools. Her principal delight seems to be, however, in the Sunday-school. She needs no urging to attend Sabbath services, but is, on the contrary, very eager to attend. A while ago she heard a sermon on the Two Builders, and when she came home she gave an intelligent account of a good part of it. What a contrast has been brought in the life of the little girl! Two years ago she was a cannibal, living in the most loathsome degradation, and brought to be sacrificed by her own mother for eight dollars; to-day living in a civilized country, a useful and happy member of a pleasant home. —*Selected.*

It is most certain that all tongues would be silent if all ears were not open; and hence it was an apposite saying of the ancients that the teller and hearer of slander should both be hanged, the one by the tongue and the other by the ears. —*Robert South.*

To him let us look with all our hearts. And let us please and love Him who in His wonderful love says to each of us, "I have redeemed thee." —*British Workman.*

Conrad and the Stork.

In a village in Norway there is the figure of a stork carved on the church, and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell of it. In that village once there lived a little lad named Conrad and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came near the house and built its nest close by. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it so that it got to know them and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it. Spring and summer chased each other, until Conrad had grown up to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went as a sailor, and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day when they were near to the coast of Africa a number of cruel pirates swarmed around in their boats and clanked up the ship's sides. They took possession of the ship, and put the sailors in chains, and afterward sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned for him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she welcomed it and led it, until the autumn came and it flew away to the sunny south.

Now it happened that one day as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in some lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home and of his mother and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came at once close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand. But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the north. Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest there still that he remembered so well? Was there any to welcome it now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him, "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this vile place." He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and that he was a slave, and then he tied it firmly round the bird's leg.

The spring came again, and with it the stork. The old widow's eye lit up as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied to its leg. Curiously removing it, think of her joy when she found that it was from her son! Forthwith the tidings she ran to the minister of the parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then one was sent to the king to lay the cause before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates would not dare to touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village had rung, and all the people rejoiced with a great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home in his mother's cottage. Such is the story they tell of the stork in that Norwegian village.

And thus from the bondage of sin and the evil of our hearts we cry to the King for his help. Prayer is the white-winged bird that can bear our messages right up to the Father's house. And an answer shall come. Jesus, the King's Son, comes to redeem us. But lo! for us he gives himself, a ransom for us all!

Progress of the Edison Light.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$5000.—That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a sheet and make it worth \$50,000,000.—That's capital. And the U. S. Government can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and "twenty dollars"—That's money. The mechanic can take the material, worth \$50 and make it into a watch worth \$100.—That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth twenty-five cents and sell it to you for one dollar.—That's business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for ten dollars, but prefer to pay \$100 for one because it is more stylish.—That's foolishness. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for one dollar.—That's labor. —*Selected.*

The statement that grain absorbs enough moisture on a sea voyage to pay the freight charges has been to some extent confirmed by experiments made at the California Agricultural College. Various kinds of grain were placed in a moist atmosphere, and the increase in weight was noted. The greatest increase was during the first twenty-four hours.

"The life of Christianity," says Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour," it is quite another thing to say, "He is my Saviour and my Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second.—*J. C. Ryle.*

How to Behave at the Table.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

"I wish mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you; I meant strangers, like ministers and gentlemen from out West and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am glad to be an exception, and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the home folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Boys ought to be very careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. You know that you are not to eat with your knife. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the tablecloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors.—*Harper's Young People.*

Bright Things.

A good time to offer your hand to a lady: When she is getting out of the omnibus.

When at home the Chinaman is a Mongolian. When in the United States he is a Mustgolian.

We'd like to be introduced to the man who knew enough to keep happiness when he once got hold of it.

Dr. Mary Walker thinks of marrying and settling down, but the name of the prospective bride is not given.

Severa's of our exchanges are now clamoring for a congressman at large. Aren't there too many of them at large already?

A man over in Hoboken says his wife has struck for a new spring bonnet. He carries the burden of proof on his face.

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg—keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

"Yes," said a lady complacently, "I expect we'll become rich now. My husband has just been appointed one of the receivers in an embarrassed savings bank."

"No, sir," said the Michigan Republican visiting Washington, "I don't vote for that man Horner again. Why, he actually laughed at a joke made by a Democrat. Is that sticking to his party?"

A cotemporary tells a yarn about a setter dog which trotted up to a small boy and dropped from his mouth into the boy's hand a new jackknife which the dog had just found. This, however, is not a circumstance to the Philadelphia dog, which trotted up to a boy and dropped at his feet a tin can and a piece of string.

A Hartford man went to a lawyer for advice. After receiving the retaining fee, the lawyer said:

"State your case."

"Well, sir," replied the client, "a man told me to go to h—, and I want your advice."

The attorney took down a volume of Connecticut statutes, and, after turning over a few leaves, answered:

"Don't you do it. The law does not compel you to."

He had owned a setter dog, and this was the story he told: "Yes, sir; the way that dog was devoted to me was just amazing. Why, he heard me say to my wife that I was pressed for money, and he went and died the day before the dog tax was assessed."

Those who are sometimes troubled to know how to pronounce the termination "ough"—so troublesome to foreigners—may see how simple and easy the following makes the task:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough. They're better than meat for my cough; Pray let them be boiled till hot through, But not till they're heavy and tough.

Now I must be off to my plough, And the boys (when they've had enough), Must keep the flies off with a bough, While the old mare drinks at the trough.

The best preparation in the pulpit will be lost on the hearer if there is a lack of preparation in the pew. Many a fine sermon is lost, not because it was poorly delivered, but because it was negligently heard. To hear well requires preparation. Take a meek and quiet spirit to church, and see how the preacher will improve that day.—*Nashville Advocate.*

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

The Mechanics' Fair closed Saturday night. The Authors' Carnival is to go on, the obstacles having been removed.

An order has been issued assigning General Schofield to the Division of the Pacific, from the 15th of October next.

At Susanville, Lassen county, Saturday, two business blocks and the whole of Chinatown were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$150,000.

Prof. G. A. Schulte, who lately burned his premises to recover the insurance on the property, was sentenced at Napa Saturday to the State Prison for four years.

An Indian man and woman, while intoxicated, near Yale, B. C., a few days ago, leaped over a precipice 150 feet high. The woman was mangled to pieces, but the man is still alive. The wretch who sold the liquor to the Indians is in custody.

The Immigration Association reports the number of immigrants arriving in San Francisco by the overland railroads during the week ending Saturday as 706. More than the usual number of families arrived from New York, Illinois, Kansas and Colorado.

PORTLAND, September 24th.—The river steamer *Gastelle* has been sold, and will go to Puget Sound this week. This is the fourth steamer taken from the Willamette river this season. Within the past year the passenger traffic on Puget Sound has increased 100 per cent., and the local freight business in like proportion. Domestic and foreign shipments of lumber and coal are beyond all precedent.

Eastern.

The heaviest rain-storm for many years has prevailed in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and North Carolina for several days. Rivers are swollen, bridges, houses and railroad tracks washed away and travel suspended. Many lives reported lost.

Specials from various points in the northwest report more or less heavy frosts in Eastern Iowa, Northern and Central Illinois and Northern Indiana. In only a few places was the heavy enough to materially injure the corn crop.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Brooklyn has suspended the priest of the little church at Coney Island for accepting the gate-money taken in one day at the Brighton Beach race-course, and has sent back the entire amount, \$2,000! Right, Mr. Bishop. Now, let Catholics and Protestants alike decline the money made so often by raffling and other adroit ways of extracting money from pockets, which have, by whomsoever employed, a strong flavor of gambling about them.—*Presbyterian*.

NEW YORK, September 19th.—Rev. A. H. Burlingame, of No. 9 Murray street, was served yesterday, in the same mail, with two duplicate letters mailed in Rangoon, Burma, August 7th, by F. E. Phinney, Superintendent of the Mission press in Rangoon. One letter was taken through the Suez Canal and Italy, and thence to this city, while the other letter went by the way of China, Hong-kong and San Francisco.

The reception to Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Berry, Nidderman and Noros took place in Masonic Hall, Washington, Saturday evening. Assistant Secretary of State Davis presided, and Richard W. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, made the welcoming address. At the conclusion Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Berry, Lieutenant Danenhower and Nidderman and Noros took their stand at the foot of the platform, and received greetings of the audience while the band played the Russian and American national airs.

TWIN COMETS.—Prof. E. E. Barnard, of Nashville, Tenn., on the 14th inst., discovered a new comet located near the star Lambda, in the constellation of the Twins. His discovery was announced by telegram to Mr. H. H. Warner, at the Warner Observatory, Rochester, New York, and almost at the same moment Prof. Lewis Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, received intelligence that a large naked eye comet had been discovered in Rio Janeiro, South America. Prof. Barnard is the first person the present year to receive the Warner prize of \$200. The fact that these two comets came into view at the same time is exceedingly significant.

Foreign.

Four-fifths of the population of Mexico do not read. It is doubted if, among all the railways chartered to unite Mexico with the United States, and upon which already many millions of dollars have been expended, fifty thousand dollars, if half that sum, has been contributed by Mexicans.

It is estimated that the population of Africa is 201,787,000. The number of Jews 350,000; Coptic, Abyssinians and similar Christians, 4,555,000; communicants in mission churches, 122,700; representing a population of 506,966; Mohammedans, 51,170,000; heathen, 145,225,000. Sixty-four missionary societies are engaged in carrying the gospel to this "dark continent."

There is an old saying that you should never raise a devil that you cannot put down. It is a good rule for the pulpit not to raise doubts that you cannot remove. And in preaching, it is better to give your hearers your convictions without your doubts, of which you may be pretty sure your hearers have enough of their own.

Sunday-school Lesson for Oct. 8.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

Subject.—The Passover.

Golden Text.—"It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover." (Ex. xii: 27.)

Lesson Text.—(Mark xiv: 12-21.)

Topics.—Preparing the Passover—12-16. Eating the Passover—17-21.

Introduction.—The Mosaic law required that three times a year the people should journey up to Jerusalem. These pilgrimages were joyous occasions, when the ordinary routine of village and country life was broken in upon, and their hearts were kindled anew by devotion and pride of ancestral memories and sight of the sacred city. Mount Zion was their chief joy. The city of the great King was now to hold its Messiah in the act of celebrating their chief festival. Alas! The thronging multitudes knew not in the despised Nazarene was to be found the true Passover lamb for all times, and that in an upper room there was being instituted a new supper, which, in the passage of time, would displace their now honored festival.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 12. *The first day.* The Passover lasted eight days, counting the day on which the lamb was slain and eaten. *Unleavened bread.* No leaven or yeast was allowed to be used according to the law of Moses. There are many who suppose that this would exclude even the fermentation from the wine. *When they killed the Passover.* That is, the Passover lamb, which was slain about three o'clock in the afternoon. *His disciples said.* They are represented here as taking the initiative. They not only had the common desire to celebrate this feast, but they wished to do it with him. Never but once before that we know of (John ii: 13) had they had such an opportunity. *Prepare.* They would have to find a suitable room, and there must have been many for this purpose in Jerusalem, either for friends or for rent; but they would have also to purchase a lamb at the temple.

V. 13. *Two of his disciples.* Luke tells us they were Peter and John. *Those shall meet you.* We have here an instance of our Lord's foreknowledge. He so emptied himself of his divine attributes when he took upon himself the form of human flesh as to grow in many things, knowledge even included, so that he did not know the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh. Here, however, we perceive the out-flashing of his deity. And now that he is seated on high, he knows our down-sitting and our up-rising and our thoughts afar off.

V. 14. *The master saith.* This would seem to indicate that the Goodman of the house was a disciple. Alford, however, says that it was not the common practice during the feast for persons to receive strangers into their houses gratuitously for the purpose of eating the passover, and that in turning himself "master" to a stranger our Lord was only pressing into the service of the King of this earth the things that are therein.

V. 15. *Jesus said.* He first told them, according to Luke, that he had earnestly desired to eat this passover with them before he suffered: "For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God." It was fulfilled when Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us, and therefore that type and shadow was laid aside. It was also fulfilled in the Lord's Supper, an ordinance of the gospel kingdom in which the Passover had its accomplishment. The complete fulfillment, however, is yet to be in the Kingdom of Glory at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me. This he said, according to John, with some trouble of spirit. "Among that blessed company was one who was drawing on his own head a curse. It had been so with David, whose nearest friend had become his bitterest foe; it was foreordained that it should be so likewise with David's son. Soon they should be able to judge that just as the man who receives in Christ's name his humblest servant receiveth him; so the rejection of him is the rejection of his living God was the crime which at this moment was being committed, and committed in their very midst."

V. 19. *Is it I?* Christ's sorrow cast its shadow over them. If it was possible that one of their own number could betray the Lord, for whom they had given up all, to an ignominious end—if it was possible anything seemed possible. They were all filled with self-distrust. This humble question was much better than to have inquired "Is it he?" pointing to some one else.

V. 20. *It is one of the twelve that dipeth with me in the dish.* At Eastern meals all the guests eat with their fingers out of a common dish, and it is common for one at times to dip into the dish a piece of the thin, flexible cake of bread which is placed by each, and taking up a portion of the meat or rice in the dish to hand it to another guest. The language in which Christ announced the person of the traitor differs in the different accounts. Matthew and Mark substantially say, "He who dipeth with me in the dish;" John says, "he whom I will give the sop;" and Luke—"the hand of my betrayer is with me on the table."

It would thus seem from the comparison of accounts that the action of dipping in the dish was such a general one as to attract but little attention, and that the more explicit assertion—the one to whom I give the sop—was made in an undertone to John, and by John communicated to Peter, who had stirred him up to inquire.

V. 21. *Good never is for that man if he had never been born.* These words are the more terrible as falling from the lips of love. They could not have been said, if at any time in the future the recovery of Judas was possible. He was only doing what had been

written beforehand; but Jesus found in this no palliation of his crime. We gather from the other evangelists a few striking incidents that follow. Judas now inquired—not in loving reverence—"Lord, is it I?" but the cold, formal "Rabbi, is it I?" Jesus replied: "Thou hast said." Then we are told Satan entered into him. Jesus further said unto him: "What thou doest, do quickly." And so from this lighted room and blessed company, Judas went out, and the beloved disciple adds, as though with a shudder—"And it was night."

RED LIGHTS.

Do not fall into a discussion in your class on the subject of foreknowledge and foreordination. Why should you fritter away the precious half-hour, or even a part of it, in discussing a theme from which you cannot rise any the wiser. Leave the matter where the Bible leaves it. It was written that Judas should do this thing, and Judas was guilty in the doing. Leave these two great facts impressed, but do not discuss the thou.

SPIRITUAL LESSONS.

1. Jesus became a sacrifice for us. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. When the destroying angel saw the flood upon the doorposts he passed by. The scarlet thread saved the lives of Rahab and her relatives. Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

2. Profession does not necessarily prove a genuine disciple. Judas for many long months appeared as faithful as Peter or John. There is a time shall try every soul of what sort it is. Jonah found a ship when he wished to flee to Tarshish. Judas found men ready when he wished to betray his Lord; and so every soul will find the opportunity waiting, if the spirit of evil be within.

3. It is possible for a man to so live that it may be said of him: "It were better that he had not been born." It seems then that there is something in life to be feared. We are to work out our salvation, realizing the great realizing the great results at stake. What a difference between a John and a Judas, both in this life and in the life to come. This difference was the result of their own choices.

Armijo Rancho.

SALE OF LANDS NEAR FAIRFIELD BY THE PACIFIC COAST LAND BUREAU.

A special auction sale of a portion of the Armijo Rancho, near Fairfield, Solano county, comprising about thirty-two hundred acres, took place Sept. 18th, and was well attended and proved a great success. The bidding was spirited, and good prices were realized. The sale was conducted by J. Eldridge, auctioneer for the Pacific Coast Land Bureau, 22 Montgomery street, San Francisco. The total amount of sales was \$63,280.25. The fourteen subdivisions were disposed of as follows: 355 acres grazing land to Judge Swan, of Suisun, for \$14 per acre, 623 acres grazing land, to Judge Hastings, of Benicia, \$13 per acre; 106-69 acres fruit and vine land, to D. K. Gwin, of San Francisco, at \$36; 106-60 acres fruit and vine land, to same, at \$4.47. (After this sale Mr. Gwin was offered \$5.25 cash rent per acre for the coming season.) One hundred and sixty acres grain or vine land, to C. W. Turner, of Vacaville, at \$36; 198 acres grain or vine land, to Judge Hastings, at \$25; 147 acres orchard or vineyard, dwelling, etc., to C. R. Ranes, of Suisun, at \$34.50; 146 acres grain land, to Judge Hastings, at \$25; 145 acres grain land, last buyer, Judge Swan, \$23; 160 acres grain or vine land, Dr. Peabody, of San Francisco, at \$22.50; 159 acres grain land, enclosed, G. C. Elsworth, at \$14.50; 157 acres grain land, enclosed, Judge Swan, \$13; 472 acres pasture, fenced, I. C. Burnham, Vacaville, \$12.—*Alta*.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October presents a variety of contributions, every one of which must challenge the attention of a large class of readers. Ernest Ingersoll contributes a paper on the Wahlamet Valley of Oregon—its people and productions—illustrated by a map. W. H. Bishop contributes the first of an exceedingly interesting series of papers on Southern California, beautifully illustrated.

PRICES CURRENT.

Silver, \$1.13 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine; silver, 925 fine, \$1.15 1/2 per oz.

WHEAT—No. 1, 1.70 per cwt. BAKLEY—Feed, \$1.32. RYE—\$1.25 per cwt. OATS—No. 1, \$1.50 to 1.67 1/2. FEED—Barley, \$1.90; ground barley, \$2.90 to \$3.10; middlings, \$2.85; oil cake, \$32.50 per ton. HORNS—45 to 50c for good.

CALIFORNIA ONIONS—Silverskins, 50 to 65 cts per cwt. POTATOES—75c to \$1.05 in sacks. Sweet potatoes, \$1.25 to 1.50 per cwt. FRUIT—Lemons, \$1.00 per box for Cal.; Tahiti Oranges, \$35.00 to 45.00 per M; BANANAS, \$2.00 to 3.50 per bunch. STRAWBERRIES, \$8 to 10 per chest. Apples, 30c to \$1.00 per chest. Raspberries, \$10.00 to 12.00 per chest. Peaches, 30 to 60c per basket. Plums, 25 to 75c per box. Figs, 40 to 75c per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 50 to 75c per cwt.; Cauliflower, 60 to 65c per doz.; Turnips, 75 to \$1.00 per cwt.; Tomatoes, 15 to 30c per box; Green Peas, 4c for sweet; Green Corn, 7 to 15c per doz; Egg Plant, 50 to 75c per box.

HAY—\$11 to 15.00 for all grades. Straw, 50 to 55c per bale. WOOL—San Joaquin, free, 17 to 18c. BUTTER—Choice, 35 to 37 1/2c.

CHEESE—Cal. 12 1/2 to 13 1/2c per doz. EGGS—Fresh laid, 37 1/2 to 40c per doz for Cal.

HONEY—Comb, 14 to 17c; Strained, 7c.

9c for white.

BEEF—First quality, 7 1/2 to 8c; inferior, 5 1/2 to 6c per lb.

LAMB—6 to 6 1/2c.

Publishers' Department.

Entered at the postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance; \$3.00 after three months—which rates include the payment of the postage by us.

THE PACIFIC CLUBBING LIST.

We will send THE PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

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Magazine	4.00	5.50
Bazar	4.00	5.70
Scientific American	3.20	5.00
Scribner's Monthly	4.00	5.75
St. Nicholas	3.00	5.00
Wide Awake	2.50	4.50
The Independent	3.00	5.00
North American Review	5.00	6.35
Congregationalist	3.00	5.10

WE TAKE pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Albert G. Nye, in this week's issue of THE PACIFIC. His stock of pictures—framed and unframed—embraces elegant steel engravings and oil paintings worthy a place in any mansion, or adapted to the wants of less aspiring homes. His assortment of artists' materials for oil or water color painting, crayon drawing, and wax work is complete. He manufactures a very novel device for framing plaques—oval and round—quite inexpensive, and still very artistic and pretty, admired by every one who has seen them. Mr. Nye informs us that he has been continuously in his present line of business in this city for about 15 years, a longer time than any other dealer, without change of business name, a fact that speaks well for his reliability.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER.—The last number of the present volume—shows no diminution in the excellence that has distinguished the previous issues of the year, and is a better augury for the volume to come than are pages of prospectus.

THE OCTOBER CENTURY.—Unusually varied and interesting are the contents of the October Century, which closes the first year of the magazine under the new name. Most noteworthy, perhaps, are the two portraits of Abraham Lincoln, which have never before been published. The larger of these, the frontispiece of the magazine, engraved by Cole, is a copy of an ambrotype which was made two days after Lincoln was nominated in 1860. The smaller one is a copy of the last photograph of which Lincoln sat, and was taken on the balcony of the White House six weeks before the President's death. These remarkable portraits enable us to see the great change which was wrought in the features of Lincoln between 1860 and 1865. With the portraits are published letters giving the history of the originals, and a paper entitled "How Lincoln was Nominated," by Frank B. Carpenter, who throws new light on the inside history of that memorable contest.

The North American Review for October opens with an article on "The coming Revolution in England," by H. M. Hyndman, the English radical leader. O. B. Frothingham writes of "The Objectable in Literature." Senator John I. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, treats of the rise and progress of the rule of "Political Bosses." The Review is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

The Best or None.

It is quite plain why some retail grocers try to induce customers who ask for New England Baking Powder to take something else. The old, inferior brands which fill their shelves must be got rid of. But consumers should stand on their rights in obtaining the New England Baking Powder, which alone will give entire satisfaction.

ROOMS.—Persons desiring to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco, by the day, week or month, with or without board, at low rates, please call at office of THE PACIFIC.

CANNED GOODS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.—Canned Fruits and Vegetables, such as those prepared by King, Morse & Co., have not only become necessities in modern house-keeping, but their use has shown that some varieties are even better for food than fresh articles. Apricots, Bartlett Pears, Cherries and Tomatoes are much better when properly canned than in their natural state, while when the other varieties cannot be obtained in the market, the Canned Fruits are an excellent substitute. Apricots in being canned lose none of their flavor, while the process of preparation makes them uniformly palatable. The sense of fullness one experiences in eating a ripe pear is modified in partaking of the canned article, and the appetite is agreeably stimulated. The tendency in ripe cherries to distress the stomach is entirely obviated in the process of canning, and canned cherries can be partaken of freely with no unpleasant results. The rank taste of the raw tomato which is distasteful to some, is removed in canning that vegetable, which thus becomes the most delicious and wholesome of all vegetables. Every housekeeper knows the brand of King, Morse & Co.

A REMARKABLE FURNACE RUN.—The old Globe Copper Smelter, located near Globe, Arizona, has now been running nearly a month, putting through an average of over 40 tons of ore per day, with a brilliant output of 9 to 10 tons, running from 97 to 98 fine. This is one of the famous Water Jacket Smelters made by Rankin, Brayton & Co., of the Pacific Iron Works, and is only rated by them as of 30 ton capacity. There is probably no other furnace in this country or in Europe that can show any such result.—*Mining and Scientific Press*.



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Easy Glees and Part Songs are found in abundance in Perkins' new *Choral Choir*, \$1.00, and his new *Peersless*, 75 cts.; also in Emerson's *Herald of Praise*, \$1.00, and *Ideal*, 75 cts.

1000 or more separate Octavo Choruses, Glees and Anthems, each 6 to 10 cents.

First-rate Anthems are found in Perkins' *Harmonies*, \$1.25; Emerson's *Book of Anthems*, \$1.25; *American Anthem Book*, \$1.25, and *Cem Cleaner*, \$1.00, by Chadwick.

Scenic Cantatas, as *Joseph's Bondage*, \$1.00, by Chadwick; *Belshazzar*, \$1.00, by Butterfield, and the classic *Don Munio*, \$1.50; *Comala*, 80 cts., and *Christmas*, 80 cts., by Gutterston.

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This beautiful story illustrates life in the Sandwich Islands before immigration brought the vices and disorders of European life among them, and so altered the character, habits and tone of one of the most remarkable races of the age. The book has been read by King Kalakaua, who recently visited our city, and has received his approval.